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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East.* 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1827. J. Murray.

To our shame be it spoken, we have permitted this publication, one of the pleasantest which has issued from the press during the past season, to lie unreviewed upon our table for several months. At the time of its appearance we were, indeed, engaged with our singular friend the Emperor Baber; and not wishing to mix two eastern subjects together, we were induced to postpone Sir John Malcolm's characteristic and very entertaining *Sketches*: but even with this apology we feel as if we had been guilty of an editorial neglect in not having brought the latter sooner before our readers. We will now do our best to repair the omission.

Of the author, whose intelligence and talents have recently been rewarded by an important appointment in India, we need say nothing. His abilities are well known to the public; and in the highest sense of the phrase he is a *fine fellow*: brave as a soldier, manly and judicious as a diplomatist, enterprising as a traveller, sagacious as a ruler, acute as an observer of men and manners, eloquent as a speaker, and delightful as an associate in private life. Such is the man to whom we are indebted for these two volumes; thrown together with that happy carelessness which leaves nothing to be desired, but yet carries you along with the same spirit and effect as if you were listening to a lively and interesting conversation. Of the author's opportunities for becoming as intimately acquainted with Persia as any European can be, it is only necessary to remark, that he twice visited that country in a confidential and elevated official capacity, and that by his skillful management he ingratiated himself into the good graces of the natives of every rank, from the Sultan to the labourer. He spoke the language, he was aware of the national prejudices and feelings; and he so conducted himself, that while he did honour to his mission and Sovereign, he made himself a general favourite in the land which he traversed.

A playful Introduction prepares us for the agreeable company in which we are about to pass our hours.

"Once upon a time (says Sir John) this island of Great Britain had some spots where men and women and little children dwelt, or were believed to dwell, in innocence, ignorance, and content. Travellers seldom visited them; poets saw them in their dreams, and novelists told stories of them; but these days are now past. Thanks to steam-boats and stage-coaches, there is not a spot to which an ignorant or sage human being can retire, where his eye will not be delighted or offended by a dark column of smoke, or his ear gratified or grated by the rattling wheels of a carriage. It is, perhaps, a consequence of this invasion of retirement, that all are tempted from their homes, and that while one half of the population is on the high-

ways, the other half is on the narrow seas. This love of travel, however, is in the vast majority limited to the neighbouring countries of Europe: but the ardour of curiosity, and an ambitious desire of escaping from the beaten track, has of late years induced not a few scientific and enterprising travellers to overrun the renowned lands of Greece and Egypt, whose inhabitants stare with astonishment at men flying with impatience from town to town—exploring ruins; measuring pyramids; groping in dark caverns; analyzing the various properties of earth, air, and water; carrying off mutilated gods and goddesses; packing up common stones and pebbles, as if they were rubies and diamonds; and even bearing away the carcasses of the dead, strangely preferring the withered frame of a female mummy, which has been mouldering for four thousand years in its sepulchre, to the loveliest specimens of living and animated beauty. The uninformed natives of these countries, whose condition is much to be deplored, are not aware that the great Samuel Johnson has said, that 'whatever raises the past, the distant, and the future, above the present, exalts us in the dignity of human beings'; which is an unanswerably good reason for the preference given to mummies over every living object, however fascinating. The rage of the present day for mummies and other delectable relics of antiquity, has deluged Egypt with itinerant men of science and research, who have quite exhausted that land of wonders; and those who have lately visited it have been reduced, from actual want of other aliment, to the necessity of preying upon their predecessors, many of whom have been cruelly mangled, and some wholly devoured. These wandering tribes of writers, who are, in a certain degree, subject to the same motives which force the hordes of Tartary to change their places of abode, have recently begun to migrate into Syria, Asia Minor, and some have actually penetrated as far as Persia. This has given me no small alarm, for I have long had designs upon that country myself: I had seen something of it, and had indulged a hope that I might, at my leisure, gratify the public, by allowing them to participate in my stock of information; but being of an indolent disposition, I deferred the execution of this, my favourite plan, until that anticipated period of repose, the prospect of which, however distant, has always cheered a life of vicissitude and labour. Nothing that had hitherto appeared respecting Persia at all frightened me. I am no historian, therefore I did not tremble at Sir John Malcolm's ponderous quartos; I am no tourist, Mr. Morier's *Journeys* gave me no uneasiness; the learned *Researches* of Sir William Ouseley were enough to terrify an antiquarian, but that was not my trade; and, as I happen to have clumsy, untalented fingers, and little, if any, taste for the picturesque, I viewed, without alarm, the splendid volumes of Sir Robert Ker Porter. Far different, however, was the case when that rogue Hajji Baba made his appearance. I perused him with anxiety,

but was consoled by finding that, though he approached the very borders of my province, he had made no serious inroads. I was roused, however, into action, and determined instantly to rummage those trunks into which my sketches had been thrown as they were finished, and where many of them had slumbered undisturbed for nearly thirty years. I must warn the reader that the trunks here spoken of bear no resemblance whatever to those imaginary boxes which it has lately been the fashion to discover, filled with MSS., unaccountably deposited in them by some strange and mysterious wight; mine are all real, well-made, strong, iron-clamped boxes, which I had prepared with great care, in order that they might preserve the papers I from time to time intrusted to them. I am well aware that this plain and true statement of the fact will, with many, diminish the interest of these pages; but with others it will increase it; for they will be gratified to find in them sketches taken on the spot, while the facts and the feelings to which they relate were fresh and warm before me; and I can truly affirm, that the sense, the nonsense, the anecdotes, the fables, and the tales—all, in short, which these volumes contain, with the exception of a few sage reflections of my own, do actually belong to the good people amongst whom they profess to have been collected. Yet, partial as I was to my secret hoard, it was long before I could make up my mind to publish. While I was one day musing upon the subject, my attention was accidentally drawn to a volume of Persian poetry that was lying on the table. A fal or lot, I exclaimed, shall put an end to my indecision! Saying which, according to the usage of my Persian friends in like cases, I shut my eyes, opened the book, and counting seven pages back, read the first four lines, as follows:

Her kih sefer kerish pooddeesh shored  
Z'asene-e-noor kamal-eh dush shored  
Pakeezeter es ab nebahsh chashm  
Her jah kih koonod mekam gandeesh shored.

Whoever has travelled shall be approved:  
His perfections shall be reflected as from a mirror of light.

There can be nothing more pure than water;  
But wherever it stagnates it becomes offensive.

"My delight was excessive, and I despatched my manuscripts forthwith to the bookseller, who has been desired to keep me minutely informed of the success of these volumes; and a hint has been given him, that if they meet with encouragement, the contents of the boxes before mentioned are far from being exhausted."

We rejoice that they are not; and now hasten to their earliest offering.

The usual voyage from Bombay to the Russian Gulf is performed; Muscat is seen; and the Elchee, or ambassador, proceeds on his journey to Shiraz and Isfahan. At almost every page we find something to entertain us: an odd character, on board the frigate which carried the mission from Bombay, is thus drawn.

"This man, whose name was Peterson, was what he appeared to be, a blunt sailor: his ex-

perience in the Indian seas recommended him to the situation he now occupied, as acting master of a frigate: he was a figure to play Falstaff, being very stout, and nearly six feet high. He wore his clothes loose, and, when he came on board, a sailor, struck with his appearance, turning his quid as he eyed him, exclaimed, 'We shall never be in distress for canvass; our new master wears a spare set of sails.' I shall give Peterson's history in his own words, as related after dinner the day he came on board. 'I have been,' said he, 'thirty-two years at sea, and have seen both calms and storms. When a young man, I was stuck full of arrows by some savage Americans; and but for a tobacco-box, which stopped one that hit upon a vital part, I should have gone to Davy's locker at that time. Since I came to this country, twenty-eight years ago, I have had many ups and downs, but weathered them all pretty tolerably, till three years since, when coming to Bombay in a small sloop, I was laid on board by some pirates belonging to Bate. We fought as well as we could, but the rascals were too many for us, and while we were defending one part of the vessel they sprung on board at another, giving a fire at the same time, which killed my owner close beside me. A passenger then jumped overboard, for which, thought I, 'you are a fool!' for let the worst come to the worst, a man may do that at any time. One of these fellows looking at me, cried 'Mar haram-see,' which means, 'kill the rascal.' 'Mut mar,' 'don't kill him,' said a soft-hearted looking fellow, and defended me from the blow; so they did not kill me, but stripped and bound me to the capstan, and away they took us to Bate. When we came there, the chief or head fellow came on board, and I fully expected we should be sent ashore and hanged. When this chap sent for me, I was a pretty figure; I had not been shaved for three weeks, and I was wrapped round with a top-gallant studding sail. 'What are you?' said the fellow. 'An Englishman,' said I. 'Very well; I won't kill you.' 'Faith,' thinks I, 'I'm very glad of that.' 'My people,' says he, 'are all big thieves.' 'Egad,' thinks I, 'you are the biggest of the gang.' He then asked me what money or property I had; and I thought at one time he looked as if he would have given it back; so I tell him all, even to my gold watch. The whole was about five thousand rupees. 'Well, well,' says he, 'it shall be taken care of;' and I suppose it was, for I never saw a rap of it, only five rupees that the villain gave me, in a present, as he called it, to bear my expenses when he sent me and my crew to Bombay. I left Bate, notwithstanding my losses, as happy as could be, to get out of their clutches alive; and after some days we reached Bombay in a pretty pickle; my feet were swelled, I had not shaved since my capture, and I had only a few ragged clothes on. Two rupees were left out of the five, and with them I went to a tavern and ordered breakfast; when it was over I told one of the servants to call his master. In came an English waiter, with his head all powdered, shuffling and mincing, saying, as he entered the room, 'Do you want me, sir?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I want you: I have been plundered, and have got no cash, and will thank you to lend me twenty or thirty rupees.' 'What are you—a common sailor?' 'Not quite,' says I; 'but I want the money to get a few clothes, and then I can go to my friends.' 'I am not master of this house,' said this gentleman, and out he skips. I saw no more of him or his twenty rupees; and when I told a servant to get me a stiff, he

said I had not paid for my breakfast. As I was jawing with this fellow, a Parsee came in, and asked me if I had not better go to the bazar, and borrow some clothes, and then go to my friends. Well, God knows, I had not much heart to do any thing; for the unkindness of my countryman, after all I had suffered, cut me just as if I had been cut with a knife; but I thought I might as well follow the Parsee, who was one of those fellows that go about Bombay trying what they can make of every body they meet. I goes first to one shop, and tries things on; and when they fit, I says, 'I will pay you to-morrow;' but the fellow says, 'No; ready money.' Well, I was obliged to strip again: this happened at four shops, and I was quite tired, when a good fellow, who keeps No. 18, of the Great Bazar, said I might fit myself, and pay when I could. I then got rigged, and stood away for Mr. Adamson, whom I had before known. I met him at the door of his house, and he did not know me; but when I told him my story—'Oh!' says he, quite pitiful, 'are you the poor fellow who has suffered so much? I will get you a birth in another ship—and take this.' So saying, he gives me one hundred rupees. Well, I thanked him; and next goes to Captain Phillips, and got from him a present of two gold mohurs, and six suits of good clothes, from top to toe. He made me report and write three or four sheets about Bate, and how I had been used; and then sent me to the governor, Mr. Duncan, who gets all the long story from me again, and then gave me one hundred rupees. I had now two hundred and thirty rupees and clean rigging. I goes again to the tavern, and sings out lustily for tiffin. Well, they look and sees I am quite a different thing from before, and so become mighty civil and attentive. The waiter begs my pardon—says he was mistaken—and that he had twenty rupees ready, and would give me any aid I liked. 'D—n your aid!' says I; 'you are very ready to give it to any person who does not want it.' It was a great treat to me to serve him as I did: I ate my tiffin, paid for it on the table, and left the house.—Well, said Peterson, 'to make a long story short, I went in a China ship, and, last year, got the command of a vessel belonging to a Persian merchant, who trades to the Gulf. He was a bad owner, had no credit, and, what with that and the fear of the Arabs, I had a troublesome time of it. We parted; and he has got another captain, rather black to be sure, but he likes him all the better, I suppose, from being nearer his own vile colour than I was; and I, by this means, being along shore, having no money or credit, am glad to come as acting-master of this here ship. I thank God I have good health, and don't complain; many are worse off than I am.'—Such was our master's history. In a conversation I had with him, as we were walking the deck, the day we arrived at Muscat, I asked him if he had a wife? 'No,' said he. 'You were never married, then?' 'I didn't say so,' he replied. 'I beg your pardon,' said I. 'Oh! no harm, no harm! the honest truth never need be hid: I was married; but taking a long voyage, being away seven years, and my letters (of which, by the by, I wrote but few) miscarrying, what does my wife do, but marries again. This I heard when I got home to England.' 'And what did you do?' said I; 'did you inquire after her?' 'Indeed I did not,' said Peterson with great indifference; 'I didn't think her worth so much trouble; she was glad, I suppose, to get rid of me, and, God knows, I was not sorry to be shot of her.'"

The Master's journal at Muscat is another curious bit—it is brief and pithy:—

"Inhabitants of Muscat.

"As to manners, they have none; and their customs are very beastly."

Of the inhabitants on the barren coast of Arabia, in the Persian Gulf, an Arabian servant gave a singular account:—

"They are (he said) of the sect of Wahabees, and are called Jouassamee; but God preserve us from them, for they are monsters. Their occupation is piracy, and their delight murder; and to make it worse, they give you the most pious reasons for every villany they commit. They abide by the letter of the sacred volume, rejecting all commentaries and traditions. If you are their captive, and offer all you possess to save your life, they say, 'No! it is written in the Koran that it is unlawful to plunder the living, but we are not prohibited in that sacred work from stripping the dead;' so saying, they knock you on the head. But then," continued the Arab, 'that is not so much their fault, for they are descended from a Houl, or monster, and they act according to their nature.' I begged he would inform me about their descent. He seemed surprised at my ignorance, and said it was a story that he thought was known to every one in the world, but proceeded to comply with my request.

"An Arab fisherman," said he, 'who lived in a village on the Persian Gulf, not far from Gombrun, being one day busy at his usual occupation, found his net so heavy that he could hardly drag it on shore. Exulting in his good fortune, he exerted all his strength; but judge of his astonishment, when, instead of a shoal of fish, he saw in his net an animal of the shape of a man, but covered with hair. He approached it with caution; but finding it harmless, carried it to his house, where it soon became a favourite: for though it could speak no language, and utter no sound except 'houl, houl,' (from whence it took its name,) it was extremely docile and intelligent; and the fisherman, who possessed some property, employed it to guard his flocks. It happened one day, that a hundred Persian horsemen, clothed in complete armour, came from the interior, and began to drive away the sheep. The Houl, who was alone, and had no arms but a club, made signs for them to desist; but they only scoffed at his unnatural appearance, till he slew one of those who approached too near him. They now attacked him in a body; but his courage and strength were surpassed by his activity, and while all fell who came within his reach, he eluded every blow of his enemies; and they fled, after losing half their numbers. The fisherman and his neighbours, when they heard of the battle, hastened to the aid of the faithful Houl, whom they found in possession of the horses, clothes, and arms of the vanquished Persians. An Arab of the village, struck with his valour, and casting an eye of cupidity at the wealth he had acquired, offered him the hand of his daughter, who was very beautiful; and she, preferring good qualities to outward appearance, shewed no reluctance to become the bride of this kind and gallant monster. Their marriage was celebrated with more pomp than was ever before known in the village; and the Houl, who was dressed in one of the richest suits of the Persians he had slain, and mounted on one of their finest horses, looked surprisingly well. He was quite beside himself with joy, playing such antics, and exhibiting such good humour, strength, and agility, that his bride, who had at first been pitted, became the envy of every fisherman's daughter. She would



have been more so, could they have foreseen the fame to which she was destined. She had four sons, from whom are descended the four tribes of Ben Jousassim, Ben Ahmed, Ben Nasir, and Ben Sahoolih, who are to this day known by the general name of Ben Houli, or the children of Houli. They are all fishermen, boatmen, and pirates, and live chiefly at sea, inheriting, it is believed, the amphibious nature of their common ancestor.' After this tale was concluded, I asked Khuddâd what kind of men inhabited those high mountains which we saw rising on the Persian shores of the gulf. Delighted at this second opportunity of showing his knowledge, he replied, 'They also are robbers, but they are not so bad as the Jousassimes. They refer their first settlement in these mountains to the devil; but then they are the children of men, and their nature is not diabolical, though their deeds are sometimes very like it.' On questioning Khuddâd further, I found he had the popular story taken from Firdousee, and that he kept pretty near to his text; but I shall give it in his own words:—'You have heard of Zohâk, prince of Arabia?' I said I had. 'Well then,' he continued, 'you know, he was a very wicked man. He conquered Jemsheed, king of Persia, who was in those days deemed the most glorious monarch on earth. After this great success Zohâk was tempted by the devil, who assumed him, under the shape of a venerable old man, to kill his father, that he might become king of Arabia as well as Persia. In those days men lived on vegetable diet; but the devil, anxious to destroy as many of the human race as he could, tempted Zohâk with some new roasted eggs, and perceiving him to relish his food, proposed to cook him a dish of partridges and quails, with the flavour of which the prince was so delighted, that he bade his friend ask any favour he liked. The wily old man said, all he wished was to kiss the shoulders of his beloved monarch. They were bared for that purpose; but no sooner had the infernal lips touched them, than out sprang from each a hissing ravenous serpent, and at the same time the venerable old man changed to his natural shape, and disappeared in a thunder-storm, exclaiming, that human brains alone would satisfy the monsters he had created, and that their death would be followed by that of Zohâk. It fell out as the devil foretold: the serpents refused all other food, and, for a period, two victims were daily slain to satisfy them. Those charged with the preparation of this horrid repast, seeing the devil's design, determined on frustrating it; and while they paraded before Zohâk and his serpents, the persons who were doomed to death, they substituted the brains of sheep, and sent their supposed human victims to the mountains of Kernan and Lauristan, where they increased, and became a great people, and their descendants still inhabit these hills. There can be no doubt,' said Khuddâd, gravely, 'of the truth of what I have told you; for it is all written in a book, and a fine poem made upon it, which is called the Shâh-nâmeh, or Book of Kings.' Having acquired this correct information about the shores of the gulf, I landed at Abusheher, a Persian sea-port, celebrated as the mart of chintzes and long-sells, of dates and assa-fœtida. We were met on the beach by the whole population of the town. What appeared to excite most admiration was the light company of his Majesty's 84th regiment, whose uniform appearance caused no slight wonder. Struck with their similarity of look, one man exclaimed, 'These fellows must all have had

the same father and mother!' 'That cannot be,' said another, 'for they must all have been born on the same day.' 'They are proper devils, I'll warrant them,' said an old woman, who had been looking at them very attentively. They had now received the order to march, and the regularity with which their feet moved was a new subject of surprise. An old merchant, called Hajee Ismael, whose life had been spent amongst his accounts, and who delighted in every thing that was regular, stood at a corner as they passed in files, and kept saying, as he noted them with his fingers, 'Correct, correct, correct.' Take it all in all, our landing seemed to give great pleasure to the men, women, and children of the port of Abusheher.

'The English factory, which had long been at Gombroon, had been removed some years before to Abusheher. All the old servants had accompanied it; and one, of the name of Suffer, had recently died, of whom I was delighted to hear, from the best authority, an anecdote, which did credit to the kindness of our countrymen, while it shewed that even in this soil good usage will generate strong and lasting attachment. When poor Suffer, who had been fifty years a servant in the factory, was on his death-bed, the English doctor ordered him a glass of wine. He at first refused it, saying, 'I cannot take it; it is forbidden in the Koran.' But after a few moments he begged the doctor to give it him, saying, as he raised himself in his bed, 'Give me the wine; for it is written in the same volume, that all you unbelievers will be excluded from paradise; and the experience of fifty years teaches me to prefer your society in the other world, to any place unto which I can be advanced with my own countrymen.' He died a few hours after this sally."

(To be continued.)

*Chronicles of London Bridge.* By an Antiquary. Post 8vo. pp. 687. London, 1827. Smith, Elder, and Co.

BURNS wrote a delightful poem, contrasting ancient and modern manners, in a dialogue between the Auld and New Brigs of Ayr; and our author, though not altogether so poetical, has likewise chosen to illustrate the customs of some eight centuries, by adopting for his framework a history of the transactions with which the famous Bridge of London has in some way or other been connected. Thus the battles fought upon it, the pageants that have passed over it, the casualties which have happened on and under it, the severe frosts and more severe thaws, the buildings, the fires, the repairs, the churches, the governance, the lawsuits, the exhibitions of traitors' heads, the waterworks, and a multitude of other matters, are rescued from ponderous tomes, worm-eaten records, and dust-covered manuscripts; and all set in a certain form, like the many-coloured stones in an eastern girle. The fashion adopted is not the very best, though from the vast variety and incongruous shapes of the materials, it was indeed no easy task to dispose of them in lucid order; but, in our opinion, the arrangement might have been somewhat more clear and satisfactory than it is. This will appear from the subjoined account of it.

Mr. Geoffrey Barbican, like Crockery in the farce, regrets bitterly the improvements in London, which are rapidly eradicating all his beloved antiquities; and, to comfort himself, goes to Wine (as the University lads express it) at the Shades, a curious tavern near the city end of the Bridge, where the exhilarating beverage is served in full measure from the cask,

instead of being painfully served by the quart into quart-bottles which hold little more than pints,—a cruel operation, peculiarly offensive to the feelings of gentlemen of sensitive nerves. Here the foresaid Mr. Barbican enters into a colloquy with a strange personage yclept Barnaby Postern, and their conversation develops the annals of the Bridge from its foundation to the present date. Mr. Postern acting the part of Chronicler, with frequent interruptions from his auditor. This artifice, meant to relieve the dryness of the details, has however the ill quality of also disturbing their connexion, and perplexing their continuity. The immense mass of information so industriously collected, instead of going on in an unbroken chronological stream, is broken by episodes; and the mind of the reader is confused by having, ever and anon, to return from a digression over many years to the original thread of the story. The author, in fact, seems to be perfectly aware of this defect, which he is always endeavouring to excuse: we, therefore, presume that he found it unavoidable. For instance, having gone far into parish matters and a Patent Roll, he is besought to revert to the Bridge, and we read:—'I have truly,' said he, in a short dry voice, 'seldom met with a companion like you; but I am sure you will not think these extracts wearisome, when you remember that so little is known about the possessions of London Bridge; and that the fragments which I have repeated to you are all of the most undoubted authority, as yet unprinted, and almost locked up in a barbarous mixture of abbreviated and corrupt French, Saxon, and Latin. To return then to the Survey,—which, I assure you, I have very nearly concluded,—it next records the Bridge property at 'Les Stocks,' somewhat of which, you may remember, I have already spoken: and contains one of the most curious and ancient descriptions of that once famous market now extant:—thus commences the entry.' 'Near the church of the Blessed Mary of Wolcherchehawe, is a certain cattle-fold, called *les Stocks*, ordained for butchers and fishmongers, where the same may sell flesh and fish; the rent of which is uncertain, because any greater or smaller value arises from the way in which places in it may be occupied by the butchers upon flesh-days, and by the fishmongers on the fish-days. Upon this cattle-stall are three mansions, and one slaughter-house, built above it, the principal of which mansions is towards Cornhill, being now held by William Vale, fishmonger, and it yields to London Bridge, yearly, 30s. Also, on the west side, towards the Conduit, is another mansion, held by John Loucekyn, fishmonger, which pays yearly 20s. Also there is another little mansion in the middle of the house upon the Stocks on the north side, paying 10s. Also on the south part of the Stocks is a slaughter-house, for which rent is not paid. Total 60s. And in the stalls aforesaid, called the Stocks, are places measured for the fishmongers' tables, namely, four feet and a half and two thumbs breadth in length, and called *poulisset*, having legs, the which places are occupied by the butchers on flesh-days, at the price of 4d. the week. And the same places are occupied by the fishmongers on fish-days, at the price of 3d. by the week. Of these places there are nineteen on the south part next the church; eighteen on the north; fifteen, in one row, in the middle of the house on the south; and at the eastern front of the said house are four places for fishmongers, three of which are occupied by butchers on the fish-days. In the west front of the said house are two places,

occupied as well by butchers as by fishmongers; but the certain amount of the rents of these cannot be ascertained, because any of the aforesaid places may be occupied or not, and thus a larger or a smaller sum may appear upon the account-rolls of the gate-keepers of the place aforesaid, in different weeks and years. Without the Stocks, at the west front, are five places for fishmongers, where, on fish-days, they sell their fish; and, on flesh-days, three of them are occupied by the butchers. There are also twenty-two places and a half under the walls of the house, appointed for butchers to sell flesh on flesh-days; whereof eighteen places are under the north wall, and four places and a half are under the wall of the eastern front, of which places the value, when they are occupied, is 4d. per week: but now they are not fully engaged, and therefore no certain sum can be stated.\* Also, it is to be known, that the gifts, legacies, and oblations of the Corbell chapel, standing on the Bridge, with the pontage from the carts carrying bread for sale crossing over it, and the passage of vessels under it, are uncertain in amount, because they may be greater or less in value, as they appear in the account-rolls of the keepers of the said Bridge for different years. The Survey concludes with an abstracted list of rents paid by London Bridge for lands and tenements held in various places, both in and out of the city.†

This is a fair example of the curious and valuable intelligence which is woven into the digressions to which we have alluded; but then, we have to revert nearly a century from this ramble to the time of Henry VI. and the principal subject—the Bridge. Another instance of the same sort of interlude is thus noticed:—

"My worthy Mr. Postern!" exclaimed I, for I now began to grow exceedingly impatient, "I really can bear this no longer; you promise to give me a descriptive history of London Bridge, and here you tell me of nothing but a riot which took place in the street near to it, and of a troop of knaves which probably walked over it. Positively, my good sir, it's too bad; and unless your story mend, why——" "It shall be mended, Mr. Barbican," answered the imperturbable antiquary, in much the same tone of voice as that with which *Lops Tocho* calmed the enraged Muleteer, in the same words:—"It shall be mended," and our Chronicles too, Mr. Geoffrey; but sweeten your disposition, my good friend, I pray you. Remember, that an antiquary may ruffle his shirt, but never his temper; for though I confess to you that the collateral events which I am obliged to introduce are somewhat like

\* Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages which lead to nothing."

yet, when we consider how little the tooth of time hath left to us of continuous history, we should labour to supply that defect by joining all the fragments with which we meet, wherever they may be united to the principal, but still imperfect, chain."

It is not easy to knit up the ravelled sleeve of history, so involved by these aberrations; but we shall, as concisely and as regularly as we can, run along the line of events.

"We will but just touch upon the Saxon Ferry and Wooden Bridge, and then come at once to the first stone one, founded by the excellent Peter of Colechurch, in the year 1176. I would you could but have seen the curious boat in which, for many years, Audrey the ship-wight, as the Saxons called him, rowed his fare over those restless waters. It was in form

very much like a crescent laid upon its back, only the sharp horns turned over into a kind of scroll; and when it was launched, if the passengers did not trim the bark truly, there was some little danger of its tilting over, for it was only the very centre of the keel that touched the water. But our shipman had also another wherry, for extra passengers, and that had the appearance of a blanket gathered up at each end, whilst those within looked as if they were about to be tossed in it. His oars were in the shape of shovels, or an ace of spades stuck on the end of a yard measure; though one of them rather seemed as if he were rowing with an arrow, having the barb broken off, and the flight held downwards. It is nearly certain, that at this period there was no barrier across the Thames, for you may remember how the *Saxon Chronicle*, sub anno 993, tells you that the Dane Olaf, Anlaf, or Unlaf, *mid thyrn hundnigentigon scipum to Stane*,—"which is to say, that he sailed with three hundred and ninety ships to Staines, which he plundered without, and thence went to Sandwich."

It is generally agreed, that there was a wooden bridge\* over the Thames at London at least as early as the year 1052, erected probably soon after this Danish expedition in 993; but before coming to its successor of stone, built by Peter of Colechurch, in 1176, we must lighten our antiquarian load with the legend of John Overs, the famous ferryman.

"Before there was any bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a ferry, to which divers boats belonged, to transport all passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the high-road ways betwixt Middlesex, and Sussex, and London. This ferry was rented of the city, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined, that no small benefit could arise from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the city, strangers, and others. Overs, however, though he kept several servants and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality, and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were both strongly expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, of a beautiful aspect, and a pious disposition, whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man, of what condition or quality soever, by his good will, to have any sight of her, much less access unto her. A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the water-

man's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, whilst he was engaged at the ferry, to be admitted into her company. The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; but the third concluded the match between them. In all this interim, the poor silly rich old ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. From the disgusting instances which are given of this caltiff's avarice, he would seem to have been the very prototype and model of Elves and Dancer; and, as the title-page of the book sets forth, even his death was the effect of his covetousness. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plan, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head, and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting, they were overjoyed; and, having danced round the body, they brake open his larder, and fell to banqueting. The ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; but, when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost, with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them, thinking that the devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the but-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and, being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is stated, that the servant was acquitted, and the ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death. The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he brake his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment, for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their abbott being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched ferryman. But upon the abbott's return, observing a grave which had been but recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the church, for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and, turning the animal out at the abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St. Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground, without any kind of ceremony. Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a succession of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunity of the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, hav-

\* "This first wooden bridge, however, was not fated to stand long; for, on the 16th of November, the feast of St. Edmund, the Archbishop, in the year 1091, at the hour of six, a dreadful whirlwind from the south-east, coming from Africa, blew upon the city, and overthrew upwards of six hundred houses, several churches, greatly damaged the tower, and tore away the roof and part of the wall of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside. The roof was carried to a considerable distance, and fell with such force, that several of the rafters, being about twenty-eight feet in length, pierced upwards of twenty feet into the ground, and remained in the same position as when they stood in the chapel. The best accounts of this terrible event are to be found in the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester, p. 457, which was literally copied into the Annals of Roger de Hoveden, chaplain to King Henry II., printed in the Scriptores post Bedam, in William of Malmesbury, p. 125; and in the Chronicle of John of Bromton, p. 327. During the same storm, too, the water in the Thames rushed along with such rapidity, that it increased so violently, that London Bridge was entirely swept away, whilst the lands on each side were overflowed for a considerable distance." It was rebuilt in wood in the reign of William Rufus, contemporary with the erection of Westminster Hall.



ing first provided for the foundation of that church which still commemorates her name."

A remarkable effigy found in this fane has been supposed to represent the old waterman; but it is, probably (from the style), several centuries later.

The stone Bridge begun by Peter, the chaplain of Colechurch,\* in 1176,† was soon such an ornament as the Thames had never before witnessed, and in thirty-three years was completed, by which period "the charitable priest who designed it, the learned architect and wise builder who watched its progress, went the way of all flesh; and in the year 1209 it was finished, by the worthy merchants of London, Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, principal masters of that work. This new bridge consisted, then, of a stone platform, erected somewhat westward of the former, 926 feet long, and 40 in width, standing about 60 feet above the level of the water; and containing a drawbridge, and 19 broad pointed arches, with massive piers, varying from 25 to 34 feet in solidity, raised upon strong elm piles, covered by thick planks, bolted together. Such was the first stone London Bridge, commenced by Peter of Colechurch, A.D. 1176."

In three hundred years very important changes had taken place; for we observe by a picture of the Bridge at that period, that it had assumed an entirely different form, with circular arches, and being nearly covered with houses. Among the most celebrated buildings which stood on the original stone Bridge was a famous chapel, "dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, the martyr of Canterbury, whence it was familiarly called St. Thomas of the Bridge. This was erected upon the tenth, or great pier, which measured 35 feet in breadth, and 115 from point to point; whilst the edifice itself was 60 feet in length, by 20 feet broad, and stood over the parapet on the eastern side of the bridge, leaving a pathway on the west, about a quarter of the breadth of the pier, in front of the chapel. The face of the building itself was forty feet in height, having a plain gable, surmounted by a cross of about six feet more; whilst four buttresses, crowned by crocketed spires, divided the western end into three parts." It was a richly ornamented and splendid chapel of two stories in height; and it is believed that Peter of Colechurch was buried in it;—the author adds, whimsically enough—"We are assured that he lay there; and as for an epitaph, was not the whole edifice an everlasting catafalco to his memory, which should speak for all times? How finely, indeed, might we apply to him that inscription which the son of Sir Christopher Wren composed for his father's burial-place in St. Paul's

\* St. Mary Colechurch was an edifice which, until the great fire of London, stood on the north side of the Fleet, at the south end of a turning denominated Conyhoop Lane, from a poulterer's shop having the sign of three conies hanging over it. This chapel, of which the kiril Peter was curate, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and was famous as the place where St. Edmund and St. Thomas à Becket were presented at the baptismal font; still it must have been something very like having a church on a first floor, for Stow says, that it was "built upon a vault above ground, so that men are forced to ascend into it by certain steps." Of the architectural knowledge of the curate thereof, the citizens of London had experienced some proofs, since he is said to have rebuilt their last wooden bridge; and John Leland the antiquary observes, in the notes to his famous Song of the Swan, that Radolphus de Diceto, Dean of London, who wrote about 1210, states, from his own knowledge, that he was a native of this city." He was aided by many benefactors.

† Here, therefore, ends the history of the infancy of London Bridge; and a very chargeful infancy it was, for, as old Stow says, "It was maintained partly by the proper hands thereof, partly by the liberality of divers persons, and partly by taxation in diverse shires, as I have proved, for the space of two hundred and fifteen years."

"He lived not for himself, but for the public! Reader, if you seek his monument, look around you!" We should look around in vain at London Bridge for any such proof of monumental fame; and a moral the very opposite is to be drawn from the non-existence of a single memorial to speak to posterity of Peter of Colechurch.

[To be concluded in our next.]

*The Celtic Druids.* By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. F.S.A., of Skellow-Grange, near Doncaster, Yorkshire. 4to. pp. xcvi. and 316. London, 1827. R. Hunter.

THAT Mr. Higgins is an original, may be readily inferred from almost every page of his book; but almost every page shews him also to be a copyist. It is a singular production, by a man of singular notions, habits, and sentiments. This is shewn in numerous passages, wherein he draws his own portrait at full length. The title itself describes more of the author than of the subject, and the volume exemplifies the title. We seek in vain to know what is meant by "the Celtic Druids;" but we have not to look far to be informed who and what Mr. Higgins is. He is indeed very excursive and very eccentric; and we cannot treat even so reconcile a subject as Celtic Druidism, when brought before us in his manner, seriously. However desirous we may be to ascertain its principles, its rites, its influence, its temples, &c.—we cannot read two pages of the volume before us but we are diverted from our studious course, and also diverted by the learned absurdities of the author. "It is not probable," says he in his preface, "that such a work as this will pass without censure. Perhaps some person may be found to fancy he shall get preferment by misrepresenting my words, or by exposing my errors, for errors must unquestionably exist in such a multifarious performance." But why make it so multifarious?—why admit "unquestionable errors?" Because, says the author, in another part of the preface, "the critical eye will discover marks of haste in this work;"—"not ten pages of it were written on the first of October" 1826; and the volume was on our table in May 1827: this certainly looks like haste. But Mr. H. was not compelled to keep time, like a mail coach; nor was he under periodical restrictions, like ourselves;—he was living, we presume, at his own mansion of Skellow-Grange,

—"and not compelled, in spite  
Of nature and the stars, to write."

However, he has written, and even printed, a large quarto volume, which nobody, perhaps, will ever be found to read from beginning to end. For those who, like ourselves, may be tempted to examine any of its parts with the hopes of discovering some new light on the mysteries of Druidism—some new information respecting the numerous Celtic temples of our islands, will be sadly disappointed. On the latter subject, page after page is occupied with extracts from the Ancient Wiltshire of Sir Richard Hoare, from Borlase's, Pownall's, Vallancey's, Pennant's, Dr. Hibbert's, and other well-known writings: all the prints are also copied from the same authors. Thus, nearly half of the book is made up by extracts and copies from the productions of other antiquaries and artists. It is not difficult to make books in this manner; but we cannot comprehend the utility of thus multiplying their number. The compiler, indeed, thus attempts to justify himself,—"I have not thought it necessary to give every authority on which my doctrines are

founded, or to verify by actual examination those which I have given!"—"It will be observed, that I have made free use of the text of my predecessors."—"To certain persons, who permit their bigotry to mislead their judgment, this book will be gall and wormwood, because I have not thought proper to pander to their base passions. I am afraid that in my anxiety to guard against the misconception of hot-headed ultra-pietists, above alluded to, I should sometimes have become tedious."

We forbear saying any thing more on this volume, from a dread of making our own pages also tedious. As literary guardians, we deem it right to advise *amateur authors*,—those high aristocratic writers, who mount their own hobbies both on the race-course and in the chase,—to print *privately*, and distribute their works gratuitously; when, according to the old proverb, the receivers "should not look a gift horse in the mouth."

"To the officers of the British Museum," says Mr. Higgins, "I always spoke with politeness,—not as I would treat a troublesome dog in the streets." This is certainly snappish politeness.

The book is, in fact, a literary curiosity, and talks of every thing in a most peculiar manner. The origin of letters—the first divisions of time—the first languages in the world—the proof that Virgil was a Druid—that great knowledge is displayed in the tenth chapter of Genesis—that telescopes and gunpowder were known to the Druids, and that they adored the Cross—that the attempts to convert the Jews are attempts to destroy one of the strongest arguments in support of Christianity:—these and a hundred other matters are most strangely jumbled together; with some sixty prints, vignettes, &c., of cromlechs, coins, towers, monuments, and other antiquities; and the whole forms about as odd a volume as it has ever been our lot to store among our rarities.

#### TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.

To the Editor.

SIR—The *Literary Gazette*, as well as the other periodicals, having spoken in highly favourable terms of the first part of the interesting Travels of Drs. Spix and Martius in Brazil, you may probably be glad to acquaint your readers that the second part, which has been so long delayed in consequence of the premature death of Dr. Spix and other causes, is now considerably advanced, and will probably be published at the Leipzig Michaelmas fair. Meantime, you will, I dare say, be pleased to see a few extracts, which I am able to send you, my friend Dr. Martius having kindly transmitted to me the sheets already printed, in order that the English translation may be going on, so as to appear as soon as possible after the original German.

H. E. L.

Ever since our arrival at Tejuco, preparations had been making for patriotic fêtes in honour of the coronation of the king, which was to be observed at the same time throughout Brazil. Senhor Da Camara, deeply impressed with the importance of an event by which Brazil was to be, for the first time, raised to independence, contrived, even here, in the interior of the empire, to give interest to these festivities, both by magnificence and ingenious devices. The fête commenced with a representation in a theatre hastily erected in the market-place, to which both the actors and the people repaired in solemn procession. Heralds marched before them, followed by the band of

music, and four figures, which, in allusion to the extensive possessions of the Portuguese monarchy, bore the emblems of the European, the Negro, the Indian, and the American, carried a globe, on which stood the image of King Don John VI. The procession was closed by a train of handsome youths and maidens, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, and carrying garlands of flowers, with which, when they had entered the theatre, they adorned the statue of his majesty, amidst the acclamations of the spectators: the choristes then executed Portuguese, East Indian, and Negro dances, and, by way of *intermezzo*, four harlequins amused the people, mimicking, with strangely burlesque capers, the awkward motions of the American savages. A tragi-comic piece, 'the Bride Recovered,' was but indifferent. The curtain represented the genius of Brazil trampling on the hydra of discord, and presenting to the people a handful of ears of corn: the painting was by a Brazilian artist. The composition was so pleasing, the proportions so correct, and the distribution of the colours so judicious, that we could not but look at it with pleasure, as affording a promise of the future development of the fine arts in Brazil.

"The *Cavalcades*, a kind of tournament, were highly interesting. The knights, habited in red and blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold, represented engagements between the Christians and the Moors, and called to mind the brilliant and romantic days of chivalry in Europe. Before the combats began, the Christian and the Moorish knights mingled together; they then divided into two bodies, and began to attack each other alternately with lances, swords, and pistols. This was succeeded by riding at the ring. Setting out one by one from the box of the intendant, they rode full gallop to the further end of the course, and with great dexterity carried off the rings suspended there. When the knight was so fortunate as to get the ring on the point of his lance, he chose a lady among the spectators, to whom he sent a black page, with a request to be allowed to present his trophy to her: having done this, he rode in triumph, through the ranks of the knights, with a scarf or bow of ribands fastened to his lance by the hand of the lady. A pretty amusement, which especially reminded us of the gallantry of the age of chivalry, was, that the knights kissed pomegranates made of wax and filled with flowers, as presents from their ladies, which they threw to each other while riding at full gallop, and so strewed the arena with flowers. This agreeable diversion was concluded with various evolutions, in which the knights shewed themselves to be admirable horsemen: and all the fêtes were terminated by illuminations and balls.

"The negroes, too, exerted themselves to celebrate, in their manner, this remarkable patriotic festival, for which they had the best opportunity, in the election of a king of the negroes, which was to take place just at this time. Our readers must be informed, that it is a custom of the negroes in Brazil annually to elect a king, with his household officers. This king has no political or civil authority over the people of his colour, but enjoys a mere title, like the king on Twelfth Night in Europe, for which reason the Portuguese Brazilian government does not throw any impediment in the way of the empty form. Accordingly, King Congo, Queen Kings, several princes and princesses, six chamberlains (*maffucas*), and ladies of honour, were elected by the negroes, and presented to the public in a solemn procession to the negro church. Negroes with

standards went first, followed by others who carried images of St. Francis, St. Salvador, and the Virgin Mary, all painted black; then came a band of music, led by a negro dressed in red and purple ragged cloaks, adorned with large ostrich feathers, announcing the fête by the sound of tambourines, of bells, of the shrill *cansa*, and the murmuring *marimba*. They were succeeded by a negro, as master of the household, with a drawn sabre; then by the black princes and princesses, whose trains were borne by pages of both sexes: next came the king and queen of the last year, still bearing the sceptre and crown, and the newly-elected royal pair, adorned with diamonds, pearls, coins, and trinkets of all kinds, which they had borrowed for the occasion. A crowd of blacks, carrying in their hands lighted torches, or staves covered with silver paper, closed the procession. When they reached the church of the black Virgin Mary, which is appropriated to the race, the king of the last year delivered his sceptre and crown to his successor: and the latter, in his new dignity, paid a solemn visit, with his whole court, to the intendant of the Diamond district. The intendant, who was already apprised of this visit, waited for his distinguished guest in his morning gown and night-cap. His majesty elect, a free negro, and by trade a shoemaker, was rather abashed on seeing the intendant; and when the latter invited him to sit down on the sofa, let fall his sceptre: the good-natured Da Camara picked it up and gave it to the king, already weary of the cares of government, saying, with a smile, 'your majesty has dropped your sceptre.' The band saluted the intendant with noisy music; and at length the whole train, having first bent the right knee, according to the usual custom of slaves, filed off before the company in the house, and then marching through the streets, the king and queen returned to their huts.

"On the following day there was another scene. The new negro king gave a public audience to a foreign ambassador to the court of Congo (the *Congada*, as it is called); and the royal family and the court, richly adorned, repaired in grand procession to the market-place. The king and queen sat down on chairs: on the right and left, and on lower stools, sat the ministers and chamberlains, the ladies of honour, and other distinguished personages. In front was the band of musicians, in yellow and red shoes, black and white stockings, red and yellow breeches, and tattered silk cloaks, drawn up in a double line: with their drums, fifes, tambourines, rattles, *marimbas*, they made a frightful noise. The dancers leaping and jumping, with the strangest grimaces and the most abject postures, announcing the arrival of the ambassador and bringing his presents, afforded so odd a sight, that we could have fancied we had a company of monkeys before us. His black majesty at first declined the visit of the stranger, but at length received him, saying, 'that the port, and the royal heart, were open to him.' The king of Congo invited the ambassador to sit down on his left hand, and distributed walking canes and orders, noisy music playing all the time. At length the whole ceremony ended with the cry of the negro king, repeated by his whole people, of *Viva el Rey Don Joao Sexto!*"

\* The *marimba* consists of a row of gourd or cuttle shells (*cuites* or *condoues*) ranged according to their size between two hoops; they are regularly open at the top, and have a lid, which lies loose, but is fastened to the hoop by a string, and if struck with a stick, a very peculiar sound is produced.

#### Adventures of Naufragus.

[FROM the extraordinary nature of the adventures described in the volume under this name, and the extreme youth of the author, we formed an opinion that the work was a collection of facts and observations which had occurred to various persons, and were strung together, for the sake of uniformity, as having happened to a single individual. In this, however, we learn that we have been mistaken; for we have received a letter from Naufragus himself, affording us not only most satisfactory evidence of his identity, but such convincing reasons to rely upon the authenticity of his narrative, that we can no longer entertain a doubt upon the subject. In justice to him we place this acknowledgment in front of our concluding remarks; and have only to say, that the certainty of its reality adds greatly to the interest of his eventful story.]

"Before I proceed in my narrative, I cannot avoid remarking how lamentable it is, that one can hardly move a step on fair India's shore, without having the feelings outraged, or the eye offended, by the savage exhibition of her barbarous superstitions and customs. Thus, when we reached the ghaut, we found a miserable, shrivelled old woman, whose natural life was apparently near its close, lying at low water mark, with her feet towards the river, looking mournfully and in despair around her, and waiting only for the rise of tide to cover her from the world for ever. Her mouth and nostrils were nearly stuffed with mud; and, incredible as it may appear, it was by her own children that she was left in that condition, and doomed to that fate. Having placed her there, they went away, leaving a domestic of the family to watch, and to prevent any one from interfering with her. I asked Moodoodoodoo the reason of this, and if her fate could not be prevented? 'She might,' I added, 'yet recover, if carried home, and proper attention were paid her; or, if not, it would be an act of mercy to let the poor old creature die peacefully in her bed.' 'It is, my lord,' replied Moodoodoodoo, 'the custom: if it is not her fate thus to die, she will get up and return home; but if she cannot do that, her time is come, and nothing can protract it. The waters of the Hooghly,' he added, 'will purify her spirit, and fit her to enter Paradise: hundreds die thus every day.' 'Why do not the police look to it, Moodoodoodoo?' 'The police,' he rejoined, 'do not interfere with matters of our religion.' It was only the same morning, when, being at a different ghaut, and seeing a crowd of natives, who were forming a circle, and making a loud noise, to the sound of the tum-tum, I ventured to look in, and observe what was going forward. In the midst of the circle was a middle-aged female, who, having been wrought to a pitch of extraordinary excitement, probably by drugs, was wringing her hands and dancing in a wild frantic manner: at her feet was placed a cistern of red-hot charcoal, before which she lay prostrate, and in the height of her frenzy, three times, for two or three seconds at a time, pressed her face closely on the fire, to the delight and admiration of the surrounding crowd, testified by the clapping of hands, and by discordant shouts and yells. She was taken up in a senseless state, and conveyed home in a palanquin. I could just see enough of her face to feel regret that my curiosity had prompted me to look at it at all."

At the age of not quite eighteen, the hero sails from Calcutta as captain and owner of a ship of 125 tons, and cruises about with various fortunes. At Madras he tells us—



"The business of entering my vessel at the custom-house, and making preparations for landing my freight, being settled, I returned to the hotel. No sooner was I seated in a spacious room, affording a pleasant prospect of Fort St. George and of the esplanade in front, than a hvy of dushes surrounded me, each eager that his services should be accepted. At the recommendation of the master of the hotel, I selected one named Koondar Gruar; he was a tall stately personage, intensely black; through his nose he wore a large gold ring, and his fingers were covered with massy rings of the same precious metal, some of them set with topaz, pearls, and emeralds. Of his mustaches, which were enormously large, he seemed not a little vain, for he was continually smoothing them upwards with his fore-finger and thumb. He commented, in glowing terms, on the luxury of having the fingers jointed, the ears cleaned, and the nails pared, before dinner; and recommended me to undergo these operations, alleging that it was the *custom*, and very *refreshing*. Before I could well make a reply, an active little personage, also with a ring through his nose, began to pull my fingers, and made each of them crack to pretty quick time, and not without pain: he then, without ceremony, laid hold of my head with his two hands, turned it round, introduced a small instrument into my ear, and cleaned it out almost before I was aware what he was about; to the other he did the same: when he had finished, he placed his thumb inside the ear, and on withdrawing it, contrived, by some manoeuvre, to produce a noise not unlike the report of a pop-gun, and nearly as loud. Then, taking my cheeks between his two hands, he suddenly twisted my neck over my right shoulder, and with such quickness and violence that I almost imagined a dislocation to have been produced. I had little time, however, to consider, for the indefatigable operator twisted it round again, just as expeditiously, on the other side: I was about to testify my dislike to these operations, when, with a sudden jerk, he restored my head to its natural position; and while I was doubting whether it was safe or not, he made a very low bow, holding out his hand for a *bar* (or present). Koondar Gruar and his attendants, all the while, standing by and looking on with great gravity. I told Koondar Gruar to give him five fanams, but, shiffling as he was, resolved never again to put myself under his hands. Another operator then made his appearance, having in one hand an instrument for paring my nails, and in the other a pair of enormous tweezers; but I immediately arrested his progress by telling Koondar Gruar 'it was my intention to take that trouble upon myself;' and added, 'send all these attendants away—I want nobody at present but yourself.' On this, they were all, with an important show of bustle on the part of my dushes, turned out of the room. Soon, however, they returned, singly, one by one, until the room, in a few minutes, was as full as ever. While I was asking Koondar Gruar if he could procure me any freight for Pondicherry and Ceylon, in came a man bearing on his shoulder no less a personage than the celebrated 'Dumnakurk,' a dwarf, standing hardly twenty-three inches high, but having a head as large as that of a grown-up person. It appeared that he had many years before made a voyage to England, under the care of the captain of an Indiaman, who reaped a rich harvest by the exhibition of him; but whether Dumnakurk himself profited by the trip, I did not ascertain. On his return to his native

country the arrows of Cupid made great havoc in the breast of the little hero, who married the object of his affections, and in 1814 was the father of seventeen children, all of them grown up to perfect manhood. He danced before me with infinite glee and good humour, holding out his little hand, or rather fin, singing 'Dumnakurk, Dumnakurk, give little Dumnakurk,' until, beckoning Koondar Gruar, I told him to give Dumnakurk twenty fanams. Scarcely had Dumnakurk, mounted on the back of (as I understood) one of his sons, disappeared, than a juggler squatted himself down before me, and, without waiting for a signal to begin, first introduced into his mouth a sword, the blade of which was about twenty inches in length and one broad, and thence, up to the very hilt, into his stomach; then, drawing it out suddenly, threw it down at my feet. Of this, and of other feats of legerdemain, such as spitting fire, balancing by means of the mouth, throwing balls, &c., those who have seen the celebrated Ramo Samee in England may form an idea; but this juggler by far surpassed Ramo Samee in his concluding feat, for he actually forced upwards, with apparent pain, and held in his two hands, at the distance of seven inches from his mouth, a *gut*, which, after the lapse of a second or two, he replaced. I stood within two feet of him at the time, and was convinced that no deception could be resorted to. In this conviction I was afterwards confirmed by the testimony of many of my own countrymen, old sojourners in India, who assured me it was a feat which had become very common with jugglers, but which was discredited by medical men in England, and even in India, until, of late, ocular demonstration compelled the latter to admit as a fact what had before appeared to them altogether impracticable and unworthy of belief. This exquisite treat, however meritorious it might appear in the eyes of the surrounding natives, produced a qualmish sensation on my stomach; so telling Koondar Gruar to give the juggler five fanams, I dismissed him, once more ordering the room to be cleared. My order was apparently obeyed with alacrity, and I was about to congratulate myself on having got rid of these officious visitants, when, on looking round, I saw one man still remaining, and (as he supposed) artfully concealed behind a screen. On inquiring his business, he produced from beneath his vest a small box, in which was a black scorpion of an enormous size; he next called my attention to a stone of about the size and shape of a kidney bean, eulogising its virtue, as capable of extracting the deadly venom of the reptile's sting; and to convince me of the truth of his assertion, permitted the scorpion to sting his fore-finger, which bled profusely and immediately swelled. The stone, on being applied to the wound, stuck on for the space of a minute, and then fell off, exhibiting a green mark about the spot which had been in contact with the wound, and leaving the finger apparently healed: him I dismissed with a present of three fanams. A gentle knocking at the door now drew my attention to a new intrusion. A man with a basketful of 'dancing serpents,' of a large and rare kind, sought admittance; but my patience being exhausted, I positively forbade his entrance, telling Koondar Gruar that I came to his country not in pursuit of curiosities or pleasure, but on business. 'Ah, master,' he replied, 'I know you white man all got clever head; no think pleasure, think more high!'

These scenic descriptions are preferable to the extremely sensitive and romantic portions

of the adventures, where the sailor's endeavours at fine writing are rather ultra-excellent—the death of a shark, for instance.

"Our approach to the equinoctial, whose gales not unfrequently devote the mariner and his bark to the unfathomable deep, was marked by the usual circumstances—an occasional shower;—shoals of flying-fishes, which ever and anon met, on our deck, that fate with which some natural enemy had threatened them in another shape; albacores, darting inward under each quarter; and the dolphin, which, having for a short time sported glibly by our side, seized the deadly bait, and being dragged on board, and suspended on a shroud, would in its agony exhibit its matchless varying hues: the voracious shark, too, turning on his back, would seize the piece of tempting flesh, and pursue his way until the galling iron arrested his progress;—he tries to fly, and tortured with pain and rage, covers the sea with foam; but the attempt is vain; in a short time his huge, unseemly carcass lies extended on our deck—in vain his powerful tail lashes it—in vain he opens wide his enormous jaws, lined with quadruple rows of piercing teeth, which he gnashes in agony; the wary seaman, hatchet in hand, and with muscular arm, after repeated blows, severs the head from the body, and leaves it in its gore on the deck."

At Port Louis the captain marries a beautiful creature named Virginia; and really the most sentimental of novelists could not have got up a finer drama of feelings, partings, agonies, rushing into arms, tears and tearing away, &c. &c. At last, the bridegroom and bride sail for Sumatra; and are now, safe and well, somewhere in London-town.

A considerable portion of the book being devoted to tales of no great interest, and details of elephant and tiger hunts, the dances of nautches, suttees, and other matters well known to every reader of Indian travels and histories,—we do not think it worth while to enter more at large into these subjects. The publication is, upon the whole, an amusing one; and there are many spirited sketches, similar to those we have quoted, characteristic of the countries visited, and the people seen, by the errant Naufagus. His adventures may therefore be recommended to readers as eligible pastime for the idle hour—the incidents are numerous, the change of scene always varying, and the descriptions lively.

#### Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales.

[Conclusion.]

PLEASANT reading as we certainly find Mr. Cunningham's volumes to be, there is a time to end all things; and, lest the new world should tire the old world, we shall now bring the new world to an end;—inasmuch as the author's work is concerned. To his first volume we have paid our debts at a length which would adorn the ancient school of politeness; and we are sure we should transgress the bounds of the modern school of politeness, if we dismissed Vol. II. with one tithe of the notice we intended to bestow upon it—short as it is.

Speaking of the not half-civilised people of the country, the author states—

"The Newcastle natives, and all the coast tribes northerly, are docile, obliging, and very willing to do occasional work, if it be not hard; but Johnny McGill and Jimmy Jackson, from the Newcastle settlement, are certainly a remarkable exception to the general body, as these individuals cleared ten acres of heavy-

wooded land, for the missionary at Reid's Mistake, as well and as quickly as could be done by white people. These two natives, and another named Bob Barret, accompanied Captain Allman, the former humane commandant of Port Macquarie, to that settlement, where he had been despatched to establish a penal station; and they proved of eminent service to him as bush-constables in tracing and apprehending runaways. Certainly three more powerful intelligent men he could not have selected, and such good marksmen were they, that every living thing would drop before the muzzles of their pieces, nothing chagrining them more than missing their aim. Bob Barret pathetically laments to this day the snapping of his fusée at a desperate bush-ranger, at Port Macquarie, long a pest to the settlement, who, through that mishap, escaped for a time. Their names having been given to these three men by the whites, they, like all our blacks, are proud to be known thereby,—the first request they make of a white, being, to name them. A brass or tin plate, with an inscription, is also a great desideratum in their eyes, to hang round their necks, giving them much additional consequence in the estimation of their tribes; but, as I have already said, no one possesses authority farther than what his own arm or greater intelligence can command. Most of them possess great powers of mimicry, bringing to your recollection as vividly the individuals they are imitating as if the latter were strutting in *propria persona* before you; while their drollery and wit are often considerable, and they apply nicknames happily, thus denouncing one gentleman here, with a wry mouth, *Wullyweally*—from that feature resembling a twisted fruit so called;—another, with an impediment in his speech, *Coorakabundy* (the frog), from his peculiar articulation; and a third *Parabing* (emu) from his singular walk. The gentleman with the wry mouth being commandant at one of the out-settlements, the natives took it into their heads that this was an essential of governorship, and they could not contain their astonishment on finding, upon inquiry, that the 'cobawn' (big) governor, had not mout so ('screwing their into the appropriate shape), like the *narang* (little) governor." It was our good-humoured facetious Boongarre of whom the story is told about the mulatto child which his gin brought forth. If you ask Boongarre about it even now, he will shrug his shoulders, laugh heartily, and exclaim, 'Oh yes! my gin eatit too much white bread!' accompanied by that sort of knowing humorous look which shows he both understands and relishes the import of the joke. These savages possess a natural politeness, and most of them soon learn to improve their carriage and manners by studying those of the better-bred among the whites; while, in a dignified smile and bow, none will exceed some of our dingy neighbours. They often display uncommon tact and cunning in the management of matters suitable to their own interests, and will frequently outwit the most wary."

It is remarkable of the natives, that "the cattle have a particular dislike to the smell of them, as I have often seen these very restive, even when they could not see the object of their olfactory antipathy; and whenever they meet with natives in the bush, they either run from them, snorting and kicking up their heels, or pursue them as if furiously mad, making them clamber up the trees with the nimbleness of monkeys."

Mr. C. proceeds with some curious characteristics.

"You must never strike one of the wild natives, unfamiliarised to Europeans, even if you detect them in theft,—or they will revenge themselves by taking your life some time or other if you do not thoroughly pacify them; for in their barbarous state, a man's life is as little thought of as that of a butterfly; nor must you either show fear or bluster over them, when you are in their power, both tending to make them put you to death, but look and act with cool determination, and as if you placed the most perfect confidence in them. If you misrepresent any thing, either, which falsity they afterwards detect,—or make a promise which you do not keep, they will never confide in you again. They possess some feelings of superstition,—for it can scarcely be called religion, since it neither influences them to the commission of good actions nor deters them from the perpetration of bad. They believe in a good spirit, which they call Koyan, and in an evil spirit named Potoyan. The former is held to watch over and protect them from the machinations of the latter, and to assist in restoring the children which the other decoys, to devour. They first propitiate Koyan by an offering of spears, then set out in quest of the lost child; which if they discover, Koyan of course obtains the credit; but if it is not to be found, they infer that something has been done to incur his displeasure. Potoyan strolls about after dark seeking for his prey, but is afraid to approach a fire, which serves as a protection against him; therefore they are neither fond of travelling after dark, nor of sleeping without a fire beside them. The Sydney blacks make a large fire and sleep around it, but in the interior they coil themselves singly round one which you might put in the crown of your hat. Potoyan is provoked, however, if you swing a fiery stick round! 'Don't, don't!' the timid ones will say, 'Devil—devil come!' his usual mode of announcing his approach being by a low continuous whistle, like a gentle breeze singing through the branches of a tree, which Potoyan's whistle doubtless is. A gentleman at Newcastle took advantage once of this circumstance to clear his veranda of a group of these believers in the powers of Potoyan, who had huddled together in it for the night, but were keeping both themselves and the proprietor in sleepless purgatory by the incessant and discordant clacking of their tongues. Seeing no likelihood of getting rid of this annoyance, he slipped gently to the window, opened it quietly, and quavered forth Potoyan's portentous whistle. A confused low muttering was first heard, then followed a deadly silence, as if all ears were eagerly listening to make out the sound;—when again tuning his pipe, up they started and bolted nimbly off, never making a bed-chamber of the same veranda again! Though brutal often to each other, and killing without ceremony their new-born children when means of support are denied, yet those they do rear are tended with great affection, and their sorrow for the loss of relations, though brief, is acute."

But we will leave the anomalous population of the country, for the no less anomalous society of foreigners who have planted it.

"We have (says our author) the sterling and currency, or English and colonial born, the latter bearing also the name of corn stalks (Indian corn), from the way in which they shoot up. This is the first grand division. Next, we have the legitimates, or cross-breeds, namely, such as have legal reasons for visiting this colony; and the illegitimates, or such as are free from that stigma. The pure Merinos

are a variety of the latter species, who pride themselves on being of the purest blood in the colony. We have likewise our titled characters, who bear 'their blushing honours thick upon them,' in the decorations of P. B. and C. B., which profusely adorn their persons; and the untitled, who, like myself, have neither 'mark nor character' impressed upon our outward man. The titled are all official characters employed under the government, in street mending, brick-making, and such like,—the titular letters not pretending that they belong to any such illustrious order as the Bath, but merely that they claim the Prisoner's Barracks, or the Carter's Barracks, for their respective domiciles. Convicts of but recent migration are facetiously known by the name of canaries, by reason of the yellow plumage in which they are fledged at the period of landing; but when fairly domiciliated, they are more respectfully spoken of, under the loyal designation of government-men, the term convict being erased by a sort of general tacit compact from our Botany dictionary, as a word too ticklish to be pronounced in these sensitive latitudes. Only a few years indeed have elapsed since an individual transported to Van Dieman's Land for piracy, who had been emancipated for meritorious conduct there, obtained a verdict with 50*l.* damages against a libeller, who had attempted to malign his character by spitefully spouting the opprobrious epithet of 'a d—d convict!' in his teeth,—and a most just and praiseworthy verdict it certainly was; for if such language were tolerated here, eternal contentions would reign among us, while it is enough for an individual to bear the punishment he may have been sentenced to, without reproach being superadded: and if his period of punishment has expired, there can be neither propriety nor justice in individuals insulting him with that for which the public has already exacted ample satisfaction. The grand division, however, of the free classes here, without reference to colonial technicalities, is into that of emigrants, who have come out free from England, and emancipists, who have arrived here as convicts, and have either been pardoned or completed their term of servitude. It is between portions of these two classes that there has been so much bickering."

And here follows a satire on the worthless way in which time is destroyed—deserving remembrance—by the most intelligent, and consequently the most delightful, females in England.

"Etiquette is, if possible, more studied among our fashionable circles than in those of London itself. If a lady makes a call, she must not attempt a repetition of it until it has been returned, on pain of being voted ignorant of due form. Morning visits, too, are made in the afternoon; afternoon calls near the hour of bed-time; while cards are ceremoniously left, and rules of precedence so punctiliously insisted on by some of our ultras, that the peace of the colony was placed in imminent jeopardy only a few years back by the opening of a ball before the leading lady of the *ton* made her appearance; the hurricane being fortunately smoothed down at its outset by the facetious master of the ceremonies assuring the indignant fair, that it was nothing more than the experiment of a few couples to try the spring of the new floor, and that they were still waiting her arrival to commence."

We might send Willis's or Almack's to Sydney Cove, if not for an example, at any rate for a lesson. Is not the following another lesson to philosophically-cheating Europe?



"An opinion has, I know, been put forth that free emigrants become gradually inoculated with roguish propensities after their arrival here. This I have not been able to perceive; though certainly no vast scrupulosity is manifested by some of them, which may as justly be ascribed to former habit as recent corruption. Not so, however, thought Samshoo, an East Indian servant-boy belonging to a merchant here, who had been detected by his employer in purloining a large bag of dollars. 'Samshoo,' said his astonished master, 'what has made you turn such a rogue? you, that has been so long in my service, and always shewn yourself before such a honest lad.' 'Massa,' blubbered Samshoo, shrugging his shoulders, 'when Samshoo come here, Samshoo very good boy; now Samshoo dam rogue; every body, massa, turn rogue here! by and by, massa turn rogue too!'"

As the surgeon of convict-ships going forth with their valuable cargoes, the author had perfect opportunities for observing the conduct of the transports, and his account of them is very interesting. We have, however, only room for an insulated sketch or two, and begin with our friends.

"Some of the literary characters occasionally write slang journals of proceedings during the passage; and although I never openly sanctioned this, yet I never made any attempts to put the practice down, as I had sometimes the means thereby of hearing, at second hand, of the malpractices going on. 'Three peters cracked and friked,'\* made a frequent opening of the morning's log, when referring to the spree of the preceding night, until the institution of the lamp threw a light on such transactions: while in one I read this touching observation, penned on gliding past the scene of many of the author's former joyous freaks,—"Passed Margate,—but could not fancy myself on board a hoy!" Sometimes they act plays, with a screen of blankets for the drop-scene, getting together remnants of stolen torgery to deck out their persons with; soot, chalk, red paint, and flake white, being employed to polish off their complexions. A friend of mine (surgeon of a convict-ship) in passing across the stage as the performance was about to commence, happened to inquire the name of it: 'Oh, sir, the Forty Thieves,' was the response of the facetious rogue next him. 'It is well chosen then,' replied my friend, 'as you cannot be at a loss for actors.' Sometimes, too, they hold regular Old Bailey sessions, and try individuals in exquisite mock-heroic style. Another friend of mine, who had the heavy charge of three hundred and seventy-two, happening to be a little short-sighted, glided disrespectfully one day into the very middle of the court, with his hat on; and no doubt felt most awkward on finding himself in such offensive trim in the awful presence of the chief-justice of England, perched upon a three-legged stool, with a bed under him for a cushion, a patchwork quilt round him for a robe of office, and a huge swab combed over his dignified head and shoulders in lieu of a wig. Barristers, with blankets round them for gowns, pleaded eloquently the causes they were engaged in, brow-beating and cross-questioning the witnesses according to the best laid-down rules and chicanery of law; while the culprit stood quaking in the dock, surrounded by the traps of office, awed by the terrific frowns which the indignant judge every now and then cast upon him when the evidence bore

hard upon the case. Thieves generally affect to consider all the rest of mankind equally criminal with themselves, only being either lucky enough not to be found out, or committing actions which, (though equally bad in the eye of the Divinity,) are not so tangible in that of man. It is their constant endeavour to reduce every one, in fact, to the same level with themselves, while fate they believe impels them on to do the deeds for which the world condemns them:—to thieve is their destiny, and against this how can they contend? Indeed, the conscience-comforting doctrine of predestination derives very considerable force from the fact that no convict-ships have been lost since the first settling of the colony; demonstrating what a safe conveyance such a ship is, seeing that there are too many destined to be hanged aboard, for her company to run any risk of being drowned."

Of individual character (if we may say so of one of those who leave home without a character) the following is an example:

"Of all those I ever heard of, who have manifested the ruling passion strong in death, George Breadman proved one of the staunchest. He was a poor yokel, foisted upon me in the last stage of consumption, and who remained bedridden until our arrival in the colony. He fell away so fast that I never expected to land him alive; and certainly it required the most anxious attention to retain the glimmering spark. I fortunately, however, possessed a very facetious fellow among the batch, to whom this poor dying creature became strongly attached, never being a day happy whereon his friend neglected to visit him, and often begging me to send this man to him for company, which I gladly did, seeing it invariably put him in good spirits. Wondering what could be the cause of this extraordinary liking, I inquired, and found that Breadman had been a great pig-stealer in his day, which being considered a very vulgar calling among the professional classes (particularly among the townies), he could get no one to listen to his adventures except this joker, who would laugh with and quiz him on the particular subjects of his achievements; praise the wonderful expertness with which he had done the farmers out of their grunterns, and propose a partnership concern on reaching the colony, if the pigs there were found to be worth stealing!—I really believe the poor creature was kept in existence a full month solely by the exhilarating conversation of his companion. On anchoring at Sydney no time was lost in conveying Breadman ashore, he being so weak that he could not even sit up without fainting; yet, in this pitiable state, supporting himself round the hospital-man's neck, while the latter was drawing on his trousers for him, the expiring wretch mustered strength enough to stretch out his pale trembling hand toward the other's waistcoat pocket, and pick it of a pocket-comb and penknife! Next morning he was a corpse; thus dying as he had lived. Yet, during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the sober-minded rogues to read the Scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side! Indeed, ill practices become ultimately so habitual with many, as to be no longer deemed such: and hence, no wonder we so often see religion and knavery intimately blended.

"The life of a thief is indeed calculated, like the success of a new play; and such a one is said to have a good or a bad run, according to the length of time he has been able to evade the penalties of transportation or the gallows.

You will often hear old acquaintances when they meet during fresh debarkments from England, on inquiring how Bill or Tom such-a-one fares, and hearing he is still 'a-going at it,' exclaim, in surprise, 'What a lucky dog! what a good run he has had!'"

Altogether, this publication is extremely amusing; gives a good idea of the present state of the country; and is written in a very lively manner.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

MR. CANNING's poetical productions have been translated into French verse, by M. Benjamin Delarochette, and published in a small volume, with a portrait and a biographical sketch. We give the Epitaph on Mr. C.'s eldest Son, as a specimen.

"A la cité de Dieu parmis des ta naissance,  
L'eau sainte de la grâce allaita ton enfance.  
Pieux et résigné dans ce séjour de pleurs,  
Tu portas doucement le fardeau des douleurs.  
Non, mon fils, tu n'eus rien de l'humaine souillure,  
Que cet impur levain du crime originel.  
Que racheta le sang du Fils de l'Eternel.  
Auge heureux! prends ton vol, et, secourant la vie,  
Va rejoindre la haut ta céleste patrie,  
Tandis que, loin de toi, ton père infortuné  
A pleurer sur ta tombe est ici condamné."

*An Essay on the Use of the Chlorurets of Oxide of Sodium and of Lime as Powerful Disinfecting Agents, and of the Chloruret of Oxide of Sodium, more especially as a Remedy of considerable Efficacy in the Treatment of Hospital Gangrene, Phagedenic, Syphilitic, and ill-conditioned Ulcers, Mortification, and various other Diseases.* By Thomas Alcock, Surgeon. pp. 152.

THIS is a detailed history of the origin and progress of Monsieur Labarraque's important discovery, together with much original interesting matter, the result of Mr. Alcock's personal observation.

Experience has proved the great power of these substances, not only in neutralising and rendering inodorous and innocuous putrid effluvia, but in counteracting the effects of disease in the living body. They are now known to be extensively applicable—at least in surgery—most useful and comfortable dressings in cancer and analogous diseases—curative, probably, of all ill-conditioned ulcers of the extremities.—Their employment, in combination with the usual, obviously proper, means, cleanliness and ventilation, puts an immediate stop to the spread of contagious or infectious maladies (as far as their influence extends),—and they arrest most effectually the progress of putrefaction in dead animal matter, destroying, of course, at the same moment the deleterious and offensive smell. They have also been proved to be almost specific in certain diseases of the horse—an account of which will probably be laid before the public.

Mr. Alcock some time ago delivered a lecture on the use of the Chlorurets, at the Royal Institution, and he then demonstrated their capability of destroying, on the spot, offensive odours: Mr. Faraday, also, either has lectured, or intends to lecture, at the same place, on their chemical composition and peculiarities.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 24, 1827.

It was generally reported, that Vidocq, the Townshend of the Paris police, had gone to Vienna, on a mission to assassinate young Napoleon, and that he had been taken and hanged: but he has got from the gallows as he got from the galleys; and is enjoying, since his dismissal, his *eternum sine dignitate* in composing

\* In English, three chests broken and robbed.

his reminiscences. He began his career as a thief; but Justice, playing at blind-man's buff, caught hold of him, marked him for her own, and sent him to the galleys to rusticate. His intelligence there found him favour, and, after a few years of probation, he was permitted to return to Paris; when the blind old lady enlisted him under her banners as *chef de la police de sûreté*: but it would appear that the *esprit de corps*, and his sympathy for those who had the same failings as himself, induced him to sleep sometimes when he ought to have been awake; and his masters found that the old proverb, "set a thief to catch a thief," was a remedy worse than the disease; and Master Vidocq was dismissed, having in his honest calling amassed wherewithal to console him in his disgrace. He was some years ago on the eve of marrying a young English lady of fortune, under the name of Monsieur Charles; but the head of the police becoming acquainted with the matter, caused the family to be informed of the real character of the suitor. He threatens to bring "all the world and his wife" into his memoirs, and to let us into many state secrets.

A new measure, which is effectually to curb the license of the press, is understood to be already cut and dried, ready to promulgate when the king goes to the camp of St. Omer.

A new literary enterprise has just been started,—it is no less than a daily literary journal, under the title of *Le Nouveau Journal de Paris*; the form and justification are just the same as in the *Journal de Paris*, which the ministers sent to the tomb of all the Capulets. It is well edited, and has, in less than three weeks, above 2000 subscribers.

The body of performers of the Opera Comique is in open insurrection; five have been dismissed, two of the ladies with small pensions, and an interdiction to perform either at Paris, in the provinces, or even in foreign countries. This is French gallantry; well may it be said that the days of chivalry are gone. Now suppose these actresses were to take it into their heads to smuggle themselves as ladies' maids to England (for the police will not grant them passports), and play in London, would the English government give them up, or send the comic souls out of the country by the alien bill? If not, the interdiction is a mere bugbear. Can the French directors of the theatres suppose that those whom they prevent from exercising their profession, can or will starve on twelve pounds a year!!

A new lease of the gaming-houses has been contracted for, at about 250,000*l.* per annum; of which 220,000*l.* goes to government for the support of the church and hospitals: this is true Christian doctrine, bringing good out of evil. The Paris tax on frailty is destined to the same purposes!!

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. X. (concluded.)

II. *Of the exercises most conducive to health in girls and young women.*—Nearly the same exercises, with the exception of wrestling, cricket, quoits, and those sports properly termed athletic, which are proper for boys, may be recommended for young girls. Trundling a hoop, battledore, trap-ball, and every game which can exercise both the legs and the arms, and, at the same time, the muscles of the body, should be encouraged; but the writer of this Essay would hesitate in recommending the Calisthenic exercises for girls under twelve years of age, unless it be that which obliges the person to run round an upright pole, which

has a pivot on the top, to which cords are affixed; and in holding which, whilst she runs, the velocity of the child is increased by the centrifugal force, until she is raised from the ground and flies, as it were, round the pole. In this kind of exercise the limbs are gradually brought to the greatest degree of mobility of which they are capable; whilst the muscular power of the arms is also increased, by the necessity of their supporting the whole weight of the body in the act of flying. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that this exercise cannot, with prudence, be permitted to children who have narrow chests, or a tendency to pulmonary diseases: nor is it altogether safe for those in whom there is any considerable determination of blood to the head. For girls above the age of twelve, such exercises may not be allowable, except under particular circumstances of privacy; and therefore the following must be substituted in their stead:—

*Walking.*—The remarks in the last Essay on this exercise are applicable in the present instance. In girls' schools it is now a common practice to teach the military step, under the guidance of a drill sergeant. His object, however, is to restrain much of the free motion of the trunk of the body, and to preserve it in too erect a position, either for real grace or for healthful exercise; and although the military step display firmness of tread and equality of balance, yet it wants that spring and buoyancy which characterises the walking of a well-formed, healthy female. By a natural step, however, the writer of this Essay does not mean that which is too often contended to be natural—produced by a straight-forward position, or the turning in of the foot. The nature and anatomy of the head of the thigh-bone renders the turning out of the toes necessary for the freedom and elasticity of motion: but there is a medium in all things; and although in women the toes are naturally more turned out than in men, from the greater breadth of the pelvis or haunches, yet that degree of turning out, which is too frequently the result of the lessons of the dancing-master, is highly injurious to walking: the natural turning out of the feet gives the light, elastic step which is peculiar to the sex, and is truly graceful; the artificial pointing of the toe produces a hobbling gait in the progression of the body, and is in direct opposition to gracefulness. When walking is used as an exercise, it ought not to be carried beyond fatigue: the attention also should be diverted by a succession of new ideas; for the body is tired long before the muscular power is even moderately exhausted, if the same monotony of objects be presented to the eye. The procession of a boarding-school soon causes fatigue to the girls,—yet it can scarcely be regarded as affording exercise to any of the individuals who compose its train.

*Dancing* is the most favourite exercise of young women; and when properly taught, is healthful, and confers gracefulness of gait, resulting from the disciplined management of the whole body. In general, however, the movements are confined to the feet and legs, whilst the action of the other parts of the frame are wholly neglected. There is a wish also to imitate professional dancers in young females; but the steps are in general too rapid to be altogether safe for the tender frame of women who are not regularly trained to the art: the body is supported too much on the toes, and the fine elasticity of the double arch of the foot endangered; the ligaments of the ankle are apt to be strained and overlengthened, and the instep to lose its height, from the ten-

don of the sole of the foot being overstretched: thence, when the dancing is discontinued, the gait, instead of being firm and elastic, is shuffling. Professional dancers have generally flat feet, and walk as if they were lame. Independent, however, of the mode of dancing, it is an exercise the daily employment of which greatly benefits young females at that period of life when most of their other occupations are of a sedentary nature: but as they are universally fond of it, they are apt to carry it to excess, which should never be permitted; particularly when the more rapid and violent dances, Scotch reels, for instance, are attempted. Exertions such as these dances require, if long continued, are extremely injurious to girls of a delicate frame and with a narrow chest. Dancing is also injurious while the body is yet weak in convalescence from acute diseases. When too much exercised, it likewise is apt to produce ganglions on the ankle joints of delicate girls; as wind-galls are produced on the legs of young horses who are too soon or too much worked. Upon the whole, nevertheless, dancing is the exercise best adapted for young women; and one, when discreetly employed, highly conducive to health.

*Riding* is a most salutary exercise for young women, from its engaging many of the muscles of the body, as well as those of the arms and thighs; and from the succession of changes of respirable air, which the rapid progression of the body through an extensive space, in a short time, causes to be conveyed to the lungs. But the position which women are obliged to maintain on horseback is not favourable to very young girls; and, if the exercise be often carried to fatigue, nothing is more likely to produce deformity, from diseased curvature of the spine, than the placing a young girl too soon on horseback. If riding be recommended on account of health, girls should be taught to ride on both sides of the horse, to prevent that twisting of the body, which the continued use of the same side is apt to occasion.

The limits of this Essay do not permit many other kinds of exercises, which may be considered as salutary to young women, to be particularly described. It has been stated, that none should be carried beyond the point of fatigue; but, even in this case, rest, or the suspension of action, is not always the most advisable method of relieving the uneasy sensation and the apparent exhaustion of the body; for these are often more quickly dissipated by merely changing the nature of the exertion, than by actual rest. Thus, if a child who is much fatigued by a long walk, and even is apparently so completely exhausted as to render his farther progress problematical, receive his father's cane to ride upon, he will run off and gallop along, as nimbly as if his little limbs had been recruited by a long night of repose. Much danger, however, may result from acting too long upon this principle; for as the new stimulus is purely mental, the exhaustion of the corporeal powers, when the exertion is over, and it must sooner or later terminate, may be so great as to be productive of the most dangerous consequences.

Exercise, of whatever kind it is, is doubly salutary when taken in the open air, in the fields, and amidst the beauties of nature:

"Where scatter'd wide the lily of the vale  
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk!"

There health is alone successfully wooed; and if the span of life be not lengthened, it is at least rendered happy in the possession of a blessing for which mankind cannot be sufficiently grateful.

24th August, 1825.



## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.

23 days 8 hrs. 24 min.—the sun is vertical to the equator, near  $\epsilon$ , a star of the third magnitude, in the left shoulder of the Virgin. The earth, in its annual course, on this day attains that position which enables it to receive the solar influence from pole to pole. Half of the sun's disc would appear just gliding round each polar horizon, were it not for refraction, which in the arctic and antarctic regions has an extraordinary augmentation, arising, it is supposed, from the density of the atmosphere, which is considerably increased by the cold temperature of those high latitudes: the effect is as great as to cause the sun to appear for some days above the horizon, when in fact it is below it. Some Dutch mariners, who wintered at Nova Zembla in 1696, were cheered by the reappearance of the sun seventeen days earlier than they expected, or the theory of the earth warranted.

## Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
0 Full Moon, in Aquarius . . .	5 9 36
1 Last Quarter, in Taurus . . .	13 17 44
2 New Moon, in Virgo . . .	20 15 31
3 First Quarter in Sagittarius .	27 15 14

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Saturn in Gemini . . . . .	15 3 40
Mars in Leo . . . . .	18 19 20
Venus in Virgo . . . . .	20 6 50
Mercury in Ditto . . . . .	20 8 45
Jupiter in Ditto . . . . .	22 6 24

Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, are too near the sun for satisfactory observation. Saturn has passed from Castor into Pollux, and may be seen about midnight rising N.E. by E. near  $\gamma$ , a star of the third magnitude in the Twins. The ring of Saturn is always an interesting telescopic object; the proportion of the major to the minor axis is this month as 1000 : 434. When this wonderful appendage to the planet was first discovered, some time elapsed before its true form was understood, owing to the imperfection of the glasses then employed. The planet was supposed to consist of one large orb, to which were attached two lesser, diametrically opposite; these were termed ansæ, or handles, a denomination the extremities of the ring still retain. Its greatest ellipticity was attained in the month of December 1825, when the planet was between the horns of the Bull: it is now diminishing, and will in the year 1833 be either invisible, or appear as a fine dark line across the disc of Saturn; the ellipsis will then gradually expand, being very narrow at first. Till about the early 1840 the ring will have nearly the same shape as at the present time, with this difference, that the opposite plane of the ring will be turned towards our earth.

The satellites of Saturn have their orbits inclined to that of their primary in large angles, so that they rarely transit its disc, or pass through its shadow. In the year 1692 a fixed star was observed to be covered by the fourth satellite, and for thirteen minutes they appeared as one star.

Uranus passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 9 6	11 8 59	21 7 53

With the present month the active duties of the astronomer commence; and the region of the fixed stars affords a boundless field, not merely for the curious to expatiate in, and trace these wonders that the telescope reveals—merely as an interminable range, where stupendous phenomena invite the investigation of the physical astronomer—but as affording an

opportunity of detecting the causes of those apparent inequalities observable in some of the starry host, from which the practical astronomer would deduce results explanatory of that vast realm of which but a small portion is probably presented to our view. The constellation Draco is an illustration of this, part of which passes the zenith about nine in the evening, and is particularly interesting in the history of practical astronomy.  $\gamma$  Draconis, a star of the second magnitude, is only  $2^{\circ} 58' 8''$  distant from the zenith of Greenwich, and was employed by Bradley to ascertain the parallax of the earth's orbit, by which its distance from the fixed stars might be determined; for it is evident that, the earth moving in a circle, the diameter of which is 190 millions of miles, and its axis preserving its parallelism, the extremity of this axis must point to different fixed stars, at two equally remote seasons of the year. A series of exceedingly minute observations were commenced on this star, in preference to others, (as from its situation it was little affected by refraction): these observations were continued for a considerable time, and the result proved that the parallax was a quantity not cognisable by any astronomical instrument, however accurately constructed. It is true, a very minute result was obtained; but it was candidly admitted, that this might have been mingled up with errors of observation, it being practically impossible to measure an angle that can be relied on, to the fraction of a second of space. If, however, the parallax had amounted to  $1''$ , this great astronomer (Dr. Bradley) thought he should have perceived it; his conclusion, therefore, was, that it did not amount to this, and, consequently, that  $\gamma$  Draconis is above 400,000 times farther from us than the sun.

Draco, according to the poets, represents the monster that watched the garden of the Hesperides, and owes its exaltation to the heavens to Minerva, who threw it round the axis of the earth, and deprived it of the power to unwind its convolutions. In the symbolical language of the Egyptian astronomy, its tortuous folds either represent the oblique courses of the stars, or the precession of the equinoxes, by which the poles of the world move round the poles of the ecliptic in the grand or Platonic year.  $\alpha$  Draconis, 4626 years since, was the polar star. Depford. J. T. B.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Passes of the Alps.* By William Brockedon. No. III. Imperial 4to. London: the Author; Rodwell; J. and A. Arch; Carpenter and Son, &c.

THIS No. contains the Pass of the Mont-Cenis; and in it, admirably does Mr. Brockedon redeem his pledge to the public, not only to equal, but to surpass his beautiful commencement of the work. The description of the route from Lyons to Turin is written with great taste, and is so graphic that it almost enables the reader to see the country. With regard to the pass of Mont-Cenis itself, Mr. B. states good reasons for doubting that it was known to the ancient Romans: in his opinion, the passage by Mont-Génève is that alluded to in Pompey's letter to the senate (preserved by Sallust), and in other authorities, which have been thought by Gibbon, and later writers, to refer to the former pass. The historians of Charlemagne are the first who name the Cenis; and the splendid labours ordered by Buonaparte upon it will associate him with its history so long as human records last. The opening of the communication was

begun in 1803, and in 1810, 2,911 carriages, 14,037 carts and waggons, and 37,255 horses and mules, traversed the mountain. The cost was about 300,000*l*. Napoleon once contemplated the erection of a monument here, to commemorate the conquest of Europe by the French, upon which a million sterling was to be expended; but the design was ultimately abandoned.

The engravings consist of "the Lake and Plain of Mont-Cenis," as a frontispiece, exquisitely done by E. Finden: Lyons, from the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, with a fine picturesque bridge, near the middle distance, and as deliciously executed by the same *lavin*. Montmeillan, with figures in the foreground, (engraved by J. T. Willmore); Fort Lescellion, near Bramante, by T. Barber; the ascent to the Grand Croix, by J. Redaway; the romantic Monastery of St. Michel, by E. Finden; Turin and the Alps, from Mont Superga, a superb landscape, by R. Brandard; and the Valley of the Arc, a gem, by E. Finden; only leave us at a loss for words to express their various excellence. There is also a map to illustrate the route.

THE DUKE OF YORK.—A spirited likeness of his late Royal Highness has just appeared, in the midst of a fine specimen of engraved penmanship, which describes him as the Soldier's friend, and the illustrious supporter of the Protestant ascendancy in church and state. The portrait is by H. Corbould, from a bust by Behnes, and the plate is executed by E. Scriven (publishers, Norris and Son). We have rarely seen any thing of the class do so much credit to all the artists concerned in its production. It has all the firmness of fine engraving.

## Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages. Part XXVII. Harding, Leptard, and Co.

Is but making another beautiful and interesting addition to a work of the most meritorious and popular character. The portraits are of Francis Theresa Stewart, Duchess of Richmond, the model of Britannia on our coinage; Robert Spence, second Earl of Sunderland; Ralph, Lord Hopton; Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick; and Charles Blount, Baron Montjoy and Earl of Devonshire. Lord Hopton is charmingly engraved by Holl, from a Vandyke belonging to Lord Egremont. Charles Blount is a very singular portrait, painted by Juan Pantoja, in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton.

## A Minuet. R. Farrier.

ONE of those whimsical fancies which raise a laugh the moment they are seen, and furnish hints for Farley or Grimaldi in getting up merry pantomimes. The tongue and bellows are dancing the minuet. A musician, made up of we know not how many kitchen utensils, is scraping the time with a basting-ladle upon a violin-gridiron. Another is strumming a harp of the same kind, and a third tambourining on a frying-pan:—but there are so many pieces of furniture ludicrously employed at the witching hour of twelve, that we must refer their vagaries to the amusing pencil of the artist.

## Arts in America.

Mn. Latour Allard, of New Orleans, has procured, from Mexico, and sent to Paris, a precious collection of American antiquities and old drawings. An account of them is to be given in a volume of the *Memoirs* of the Geographical Society.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.



"A glass of half and half."

## THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,  
His cheek was baked and brown,  
For he had been in many climes  
With captains of renown,  
And fought with those who fought so well  
At Nile and Camperdown.  
His coat it was a soldier coat  
Of red, with yellow faced,  
But (merman-like) he look'd marine  
All downward from the waist;  
His trowsers were so wide and blue,  
And quite in sailor-taste!  
He put the rummer to his lips,  
And drank a jolly draught;  
He raised the rummer many times—  
And ever as he quaff'd,  
The more he drank, the more the ship  
Seem'd pitching fore and aft!  
The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,  
As in a heavy squall;  
It gave a lurch—and down he went,  
Headforemost in his fall!  
Three times he did not rise, alas!  
He never rose at all!  
But down he went, right down at once,  
Like any stone he dived;  
He could not see, or hear, or feel—  
Of senses all deprived!  
At last he gave a look around  
To see where he arrived!  
And all that he could see was green,  
Sea-green on every hand!  
And then he tried to sound beneath,  
And all he felt was sand!  
There he was fain to lie, for he  
Could neither sit nor stand!  
And lo! above his head there bent  
A strange and staring lass!  
One hand was in her yellow hair,  
The other held a glass:  
A mermaid she must surely be,  
If mermaid ever was!  
Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,  
Her eyes were blue and pale,  
Her dress was of the ocean green,  
When ruffled by a gale;  
Thought he, "beneath that petticoat  
She hides her salmon-tail!"  
She look'd—as siren ought to look—  
A sharp and bitter shrew,  
To sing deceiving lullabies  
For mariners to rue:

But when he saw her lips apart,  
It chill'd him through and through!  
With either hand he stopp'd his ears  
Against her evil cry;  
Alas, alas, for all his care,  
His doom, it seem'd, to die!  
Her voice went ringing through his head,  
It was so sharp and high!  
He thrust his fingers farther in  
At each unwilling ear,  
But still, in very spite of all,  
The words were plain and clear:—  
"I can't stand here the whole day long,  
To hold your glass of beer!"  
With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,  
Up rose the sub-marine,  
And gave a stare to find the sands  
And deeps where he had been:  
There was no siren with her glass,  
Nor waters ocean-green!  
The wet deception from his eyes  
Kept fading more and more;  
He only saw the bar-maid stand  
With pouting lip, before  
The small green parlour at The Ship,  
And little sanded floor!

T. H.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. III.

*Skene of Skene.*—This singular character flourished in the counties of Aberdeen and Kincardine about half a century ago. He was as ignorant of the world as a sucking-child, having never (it is believed) proceeded farther towards the regions of civilisation than the good town of Perth. A neighbour of the worthy laird was Sir John Ogilvie, of Inverquhar; also a remarkable personage, but in a very different way. Sir John was a fine gentleman, had made the grand tour, was apt to fire at the smallest imagined insult offered to his honour, and, to crown all, he was the most skilful and expert swordsman of his time. Don Quixote and Sancho presented not a greater contrast than did these pair of originals; and the comparison will hold good even as to personal appearance—the laird being short and squab, and the knight tall and gaunt.

During an election, Skene gave a grand dinner to several of the county gentlemen, and amongst the rest, Sir John. In the course of the evening, the latter began, as usual, to inflict on the company a tedious detail of the many wonderful adventures he had met with in his travels. Now this was the knight's weak side. His memory was so unfortunately defective, that he not only forgot how often he had tortured the ears of his unwilling auditors with a repetition of the same endless stories, but added to them new and glorious achievements, which might have put Hercules to the blush. This was extremely tantalizing; but no person cared to interrupt him, holding his warlike qualifications in due fear and reverence. Sir John, at last, was describing a tremendous conflict he had in the South of France, with about a score of wolves—when out cries the laird: "I'm sure, Sir John, that's a great lee." In an instant, starts from his chair the infuriated traveller, and, drawing his rapier, called on Skene to come forth, and stand on his defence. Nothing could be more exquisitely ludicrous than the looks of the poor laird when challenged by this Hector. His head straightway sunk between his shoulders, his eyes assumed the hue of a brace of parboiled groceries

(gooseberries), and his jaws were extended to an alligator-like wideness. At last, he made shift to give utterance to the following pithy and original expostulation: "Fat the dell, Sir John Ogilvie, cam ye here to eat my meat, and to drink my drink, and then to stick me like a paddock?" This was irresistible; and so tickled was the man of war by the comic pathos, as well as justice of the appeal, that he literally rolled on the floor in perfect ecstasy.

*Highland Volunteers.*—As the Earl of B—e was travelling from T—th Castle to Stirling, he encountered a cart containing neither Glenlivet nor Brandy, but, strange to say, the carcasses of six sturdy Celts, tied neck and heel, much, indeed, in the same fashion as those worthies the Guinea captains were wont to stow away their sable commodities of the same species. In the front of the cart were two Highlanders, by way of pioneers, with claymore in hand: in the rear, another brace armed with firelocks. The post of honour, viz. driving this living hearse, was intrusted to a gilly of a superior order. This rather extraordinary spectacle being new to his lordship, he inquired who was their chief, and what they could possibly mean by handling men in such a manner in a free country. "Ma lort," responded the kilted Jehu of the *Killin* coach, "here are sax tammed scoundrels that winna gang on their main feet to be ta Laird o' Macnab's volunteers; and sae we're just taking tem doon ta Stirling, ta tammed, cust hal-lions, tat ta are, that'll no pleasure ta laird."

*The same Whip.*—The Laird of Macnab being at Leith races, was mounted on an animal of such small dimensions, that, without infringing truth, it may be asserted, it was a moot point, whether the horse or his rider was the bulkiest. At last, when galloping to the starting post, to scrutinise the lucky winner, down fell the unfortunate Bucephalus, demolished by the weight, as well as dignity of the mighty chieftain. In fact, the back of the poor beast was actually broken. Next year, on the same occasion, he bestrode a steed not much larger than his unlucky predecessor. He was accosted by a young puppy in the following style: "Well, Macnab, is that the same horse ye had last year?" The laird being armed with a weapon of flagellation with a shaft little longer than the butt piece of an ordinary salmon fishing-rod, prostrated the hapless blood to the briny sands with an overwhelming blow, accompanying the action with these words: "D—n yere saul! its no the same horse, bat ken ye, billy, it's the same whup."

*Professor H.*—A certain professor (not a hundred miles from Aberdeen) is not more remarkable for his writings on political economy, than for his frequent total unconsciousness of what passes before him. His absence of mind is indeed so great, that his excellent spouse once wagered that she would accost him on the street, inquire after the health of herself and family, and that he would not recognise her. This actually was the fact. This erudite *funarian* was taking a solitary walk by the banks of the canal in the neighbourhood of the city. Immersed in cogitations far above this dirty planet, he marches into the canal, and had advanced to within a yard of the centre, where he must inevitably have been drowned, when an honest woman, washing clothes behind him, bawled out, "Come oot, come oot, fule body, or ye'll be droon't." These warning sounds invading the tympanum of the professorial ear, had the



effect of making him turn right about, when he forthwith came to dry land. The good woman, naturally concluding him to be an idiot, reconnoitred the bewildered sage with an air of great sympathy and superiority, saying, "Puir body! atweel they hae muckle to answer for that lets ye gang yere lane."

*The Laird of Macnab v. the Gaugers.*—Those myrmidons of the excise in Scotland, ycleped gaugers, are as much feared and detested by the lovers of John Barleycorn, as Auld Cloutie himself. How often when the goodly casks of the precious liquid have been staved or borne away in triumph by the ruthless hands of "the curst horse-leeches o' the excise," have the spoiled and thirsty victims consigned, with unsparing execrations, their persecutors to the equally ruthless fangs of the sable personage above mentioned!

"And lika auld wife, cried auld Mahoun!  
We wish ye luck o' ye're prise, man."

The luckless smuggler, in such bitter moments, doubtless feels much satisfaction in figuring to himself the predatory gauger in the clutches of the arch enemy: and this picture affords a refreshing balm to his wounded spirit. But, alas! there is little substantial comfort even in this gratifying prospect. His beloved mountain-dew, the joy and solace of his life, the desire of his heart, is torn for ever from his loving embraces.

The subject of the following anecdote knew far better how to deal with such truculent gentry, or "vermin," as he was wont to call them. In those panic-stricken days, when that devil's buckie, Buonaparte, threatened invasion and destruction to this happy land, the Laird of Macnab was colonel of one of the fencible regiments. On a certain day, the gallant chieftain was marching at the head of his corps; on the road to Stirling, where it was to be quartered for a season.

The pencil might, but the pen never can, adequately portray the grand, picturesque, and magnificent appearance of the glorious Celtic chief. Goliath of Gath, Alexander, Cæsar, all heroes, ancient and modern, nay, what must be an august spectacle, the grand mogul enthroned on the back of his elephant,—all dwindle into insignificance before the great Macnab. He bestrode a mighty steed of raven blackness, whose flowing mane, and long and bushy tail, had never suffered under the dilapidating operation of the ruthless shears. His ample jacket was composed of tartan, adorned with massey silver buttons. Adown his breast depended gracefully the belted plaid. On his head was the Highland bonnet, surmounted by waving, lofty plumes, which added fearfully to his gigantic height. His puissant limbs were encased in no constraining habiliment, no, gentle reader (marvellous as it may appear to effeminate equestrians), the ancient phibag formed his sole nether covering. His warlike hand sustained an enormous claymore, flashing lightning to the sun's rays, and clearly indicating its owner's ardour for immediate conflict,—nay, to meet in mortal strife (if needs be), the fell Napoleon himself at the very gates of Stirling.

After this feeble description of a being almost more than mortal, it is proper to call his prowess into action. About seven miles from Stirling, a numerous band of exciemen assailed the rear of the regiment, declaring to the adjutant they had positive information that in the baggage-carts was concealed a large quantity of smuggled whisky. The adjutant, knowing it would be of little use to argue the matter with them, rode

hastily up to the front, and told the commandant the scrape they were in. Without saying a word, away to the rear furiously gallops the laird, brandishing his Andras Ferrara in a most terrific style, his visage inflamed with wrath and indignation. When he came up to the aqua vite—"Hounds!" he roars out in a voice of thunder,—"what the foul fiend want ye here, ye limbs o' Satan, ye cursed abortions of the human specie, ye unworthy, pitiful vermin o' abomination! Wad ye daur to stop his majesty's offishers and men on their way to fight for their king and country, and, what's mair, e'en for the like o' sic wretches as you, ye unchristened whelps o' Belzebub." The laird was enough to fright Belzebub himself, and no wonder he horrified such minor devils almost into convulsions. After a long pause, during which he regarded them with a truly diabolical aspect, one of the boldest mustered courage enough to display his badge of office, intimating, in a trembling voice, that what they did was in the line of their duty. "Line o' your duty, and be d—d to ye!" vociferated the chief. "By the L—d, if I thoct ye worth my while, I ken ae line wad fit ye a d—d deal better!" Then turning to the rear-rank, he cries, "My lads, this is like to be a critic business.—load wi' ball! The effect of this appalling order was electrical: the discomfited gaugers fled in all directions, leaving the victorious chief in undisturbed possession of the much-coveted mountain-dew.

#### GREEK YOUTHS.

SIR,—Having observed the noble use which you have uniformly made of the influence of the *Literary Gazette* to bring forward cases on which the liberality of the public might be laudably employed, I venture to hope that you will not refuse insertion to the subjoined statement; especially as, I observe in your No. for Aug. 11, a paragraph respecting education in the Ionian Islands,—and it is on the theme of education in Greece that I now wish to interest your readers.

In January 1825, I was induced, by the representations of a friend, to visit the British and Foreign Central School, in the Borough Road, where ten Greek boys had been placed for the purposes of education. I was much struck with their intelligence, and with the progress which they had made in whatever had been taught them. One of them, who had been in England a year and eight months, spoke our language in such perfection that it was difficult to discover that he was a foreigner. He was then studying Euclid's Elements, geometry, and algebra. The others, who had only arrived in this country three months, and who had been at school only two, could already read, write, and cipher in a very extraordinary manner. It was interesting to see their animated countenances, and expressive gestures, supplying their deficiencies of language. If one asked them the meaning of a word, it was simultaneously acted by them. Thus—to shew what going to sleep was—they closed their eyes, and reclined their heads upon their hands.—I often visited these boys, many of whom had lost their parents in the horrible calamities of their country. Most of them, at their early age, (the eldest of them was not more than 13), had seen sights which, in this happy land, old men die without seeing. This premature initiation into the sufferings of life seemed to have given them a tender and a thoughtful spirit. I have found them distinguished by deep gratitude for the most trifling kindness, by a thirst

for knowledge, and a high moral sense. One of these boys, whose name was Constantine Sotiris, shewed, in a remarkable manner, the power of education upon the mind. When he first came to England, his appearance was that of a handsome little savage. He was clothed in skins; a pistol was attached to his girdle, and his hair hung in masses over his shoulders. Once, upon meeting a Turk in the street, he was hardly to be prevented from attacking him. Yet this boy became the mildest, the most tractable of human beings. He received a letter from Greece, informing him that his father and uncle were killed. He never held up his head from that moment. Soon after, he was seized with a pulmonary complaint. He was under my roof till within a few days of his death. His patience under a painful and lingering disease, his perpetual thought for others, his strength and activity of mind; were such as I have never seen elsewhere, and do not expect to see again. He was perfectly aware of his danger, and did not wish to live except that he might see his mother once more. Once he said to me, "If I could see those I live with in good health, I think I should be well. I wish every one to be well." At another time, he said, "it is better for me to die now, when I have few sins. I hope that God has forgiven me through Jesus Christ. If I lived longer, I might grow wicked. If I die, I shall be so peaceful: there will be no more pain or sorrow. Oh, death will be so beautiful!" His countenance, as he uttered the last words, was lighted up with a smile that will not easily pass away from my remembrance. It was not of this world. He occupied himself to the last, never keeping his bed. A few days before his death he began to learn Italian; for he said, "when I am employed I do not feel pain." Almost his latest breath was employed in begging his attendant not to sit up with him any longer, but to go to bed. He then said, "God bless all my friends;" and murmuring out "my mother," twice, in his own language, he laid his head upon his hand, and calmly expired. I have been more particular in my account of this boy, because his disposition, at first, appeared less promising than that of his companions. What may we not hope, then, from the diffusion of the blessings of education among his countrymen?

But I regret to say that the scheme of educating a certain number of boys for the purpose of establishing schools in Greece, has not met with the support which it deserves: I say which it *deserves*; for, look at what has been already achieved; see what an individual can effect, by observing the results of Lord Guildford's spirited exertions! Already, one of the young men educated in the Borough Road has succeeded in establishing a school in Greece on the national system. Another is now supporting himself by attending daily at the house of two noble families, the younger branches of which he actually instructs in *English* grammar, as well as arithmetic! The good conduct of two of the others has induced private individuals to take upon themselves the charges of their education. But there are five left; at this time, without the means of support; and shall it be said that they were returned to their native country with only half an education, because the English were slow to subscribe to the advancement of so noble a purpose? This can only be because the subject has not been made sufficiently known to the public; for surely there is no want of generosity in the British character. Through the medium, sir, of your widely diffused Journal, I now trust,

at once, to convey to all classes a knowledge of these things, and an interest in them. The subscription has been opened, and contributions will be gratefully received by Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross; and Messrs. Hoare, 62, Lombard Street.

I beg leave to remain, sir, your very obedient admirer and servant,  
T. H. C.

#### MUSIC.

*Mozart's Twelve Grand Concertos, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum). By J. N. Hummel. 8. Chappell, New Bond Street.*

A WORK of higher pretensions than this has not been offered to our notice for a long time. The piano-forte Concertos of Mozart, of which there exist twenty, have been as much the subject of praise as of regret; the admirers of that composer having invariably deplored that such beautiful specimens of his genius, which abound with the finest ideas, should remain in a form so very unprofitable as to be absolutely unplayable without an orchestra. This arises from the blanks in the piano-forte part, where frequently ten or twenty bars have nothing but rests, which Mozart himself, no doubt, knew well enough how to fill up at the call of the moment, but which leave every other performer, if without the score, at a great loss, whenever he wishes to play them unaccompanied. Another defect in these Concertos, if it may be called such, is that, notwithstanding all their melodious beauty, they want fulness of harmony, more brilliancy of passages, and the use of the upper notes. In Mozart's time, neither the piano-forte nor its treatment had been brought to any thing like what they are now. All these deficiencies have, in our opinion, been most skillfully remedied by the adapter, the celebrated Hummel. He has arranged them, at least this first one in D minor, in the same manner as he did Mozart's and Beethoven's Symphonies, so that the piano-forte part is quite independent of the accompaniments. The two cadences, and other additional ornaments introduced by Hummel, are so perfectly in the original spirit of the composition, that no one would consider them otherwise than as Mozart's own. The task of the arrangement could not indeed have fallen into better hands, since Hummel, from having lived for years with Mozart under the same roof, as his pupil, is well known to have imitated himself so much into his master's style of composition, that no living writer resembles that master so much as he does; not to mention, that he heard Mozart play these Concertos on many occasions, and must, of course, remember the manner in which he executed them. This first Concerto in D minor, No. 8 in Haertel's edition, is one of the grandest, and will also give ample satisfaction to the lovers of brilliancy and difficulties. The work is in every respect entitled to the highest praise, and deserves to be encouraged in its progress, to the last pumber, by every admirer of good music.

#### DRAMA.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—A comic piece called *Two Strands* was produced here on Tuesday, but not successfully. Alterations being made, we observe it announced for another trial last night (too late for us to notice it); when, from the tact of the author, Mr. Peske, and the talents of such actors as Mathews and Wrench, we trust it may merit a better fate. *The Freedlender and Serjeant's Wife* increase in attraction, and crowd the theatre (as we anticipated) every time they are performed.

#### VARIETIES.

**Suicide.**—Madame Gravelink, the principal actress of the Theatre Royal at Amsterdam, and the mother of six children, drowned herself last month. Her death is much deplored, as she was a woman of considerable talents, and intimate with the leading literary characters of the country.

**Antiquities.**—At Bischem, in the department of the Haut Rhine, some Roman antiquities have lately been discovered, nearly opposite Vieux-Brissac (the Mons Brissacis of the Roman itineraries). The coal and cinders (says the *Courier du Bas Rhin*) indicate a conflagration; and the name itself—*Elenburg ou Edenburg*, gives the idea of devastation. Urns, vases of elegant designs, medals, domestic utensils, &c. and a brick marked LXXI, have been dug up.

**Académie des Sciences.**—On the sixth of this month, the Académie des Sciences proceeded to ballot for a foreign associate, to fill up the place vacant by the death of Volta. The candidates were, Messrs. Thomas Young, of London; Bessel, of Königsberg; Blumenbach, of Göttingen; Robert Brown, of London; Leopold de Buch, of Berlin; Dalton, of Manchester; Olbers, of Bremen; Ersted, of Copenhagen; Plana, of Turin; and Sömmerring, of Frankfurt. On a scrutiny, there appeared, of 44 voters, 30 for Mr. Young; 5 for M. Blumenbach; 4 for M. Olbers; 2 for M. Plana; 2 for Mr. Brown; and 1 for M. Sömmerring. In consequence, Mr. Young was proclaimed a foreign associate of the Academy.

**Encouragement of Ingenious Inventions, &c.**—The *Oxford Herald*, after quoting a passage in one of our recent Paris letters, which noticed the encouragement given by the French government to new projects in commerce and manufactures, expresses a strenuous wish that the example were followed in this country, instead of being confined to the protection by "patent, which," the writer adds, "is so expensive, as often to be beyond the means of ingenious mechanics, and without which, their discoveries would, when carried into practice, become the property of the public. In our own city," he continues, "we have a case of this nature. Two ingenious persons have, after long labour, and at great expense, satisfactorily proved that they have discovered a mode of propelling steam-vessels at a much greater rate than they now go, and with a less consumption of fuel; yet they cannot make this discovery of advantage to themselves or the public, from the want of money to purchase a patent; and their labour and ingenuity have almost proved their ruin."

**Water-Cresses.**—The "dreadful trade" of gathering samphire has often excited our sympathy and alarm, and there is no person who uses this preserve that does not think on Shakespeare's terrible description of the danger and difficulty of procuring it. But no one has ever dreamt of the dreadful trade of gathering water-cresses; and yet it is as dangerous, and attended with more accidents, perhaps, than the other. The consumption of this crude vegetable is now very great in London, inasmuch that the cultivation of it in enclosed grounds has been among the speculations which distinguish the present day. This is found, however, not to improve the pungency of the plant; and that which is gathered in its native state is still preferred; and it is therefore sold by a numerous tribe of persons, who collect it in brooks and shallows in the vicinity of town. These, however, have failed to supply the de-

mand, and it is now sought at a considerable distance. When brought to town it is sometimes mixed with the sium-latifolium, (*wild-celery*), and veronica becabunga (*brook-lime*), and other aquatic, which in their nascent state resemble the segsimbrum, or true cress. The first of these vegetables is particularly unwholesome, and should be carefully picked out before the cresses are served up. There is one place, however, from which the water-cress is brought very genuine, and unmixed. Between Bath and London, near Marlbro', there are extensive flooded lands, which, from the pure gravelly soil, yield an excellent high-flavoured plant, unmixed with the poisonous sium, which loves a rank, muddy bottom. As these sands are movable, and have no tenacity, they afford a very infirm footing, and it is highly dangerous to venture far from the solid ground; yet, as the finest cresses grow in the most remote places, the poor people who gather them do venture, and every year some of them fall sacrifices to their trade. There is now a poor man from that neighbourhood, in London, who cries cresses of a superior quality, which he procures from thence, about the streets, in the vicinity of Euston Square. He is distinguished by a certain musical cadence in his cry, which has something very sweet in the sound. He was himself for several years engaged in this perilous pursuit, and frequently at the hazard of his life. He latterly took the precaution of tying a cord round his body, which was fastened to a stake on the firm bank; and secured, in this way, like the samphire gatherer, he ventured, not into the air, but into the more dangerous quicksand. Here he has often sunk below his shoulders, and has been drawn out with difficulty by men on the bank. In this way he supported a wife and seven children, till the eldest, a fine boy of eighteen, undertook to relieve his father from the perilous task; he accordingly gathered the cresses, and his father cried them through the streets of London. At this time of the year the vegetable runs to seed, and it is difficult to procure any that is fit for use, at any accessible distance: the boy was thus led to seek them by going farther than usual into the sands, and, in the carelessness of youth, neglected his father's precautions on such occasions. Having, a week or two since, advanced a considerable way from the solid ground, he suddenly disappeared; the earth opened, as it were, and swallowed him up; and no trace of him has ever since been discovered. When the news of the calamity reached the family, the mother rushed out to share the fate of her child, and was with great difficulty saved. For the first time since the accident, the poor man has again come out to sell his cresses for the support of his large family, and there is now something so pensive and sad in the naturally sweet tone of his cry, that he excites, in no small degree, the sympathy and compassion of the whole neighbourhood.—From a *Correspondent*.

**The late Mr. Gifford and Mr. Bulmer.**—Shortly after the Right Hon. Lord Sidmouth was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department, he very handsomely presented Mr. Gifford with the Paymastership of the Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, or Men at Arms, a situation he enjoyed till the period of his death. Mr. Bulmer, Mr. Bulmer, his ancient typographer, had long been one of the oldest members. It was the practice of Mr. Gifford, whenever an exchequer

\*We believe—Ed.



WARRANT was issued for the payment of the quarterly salaries of the gentlemen of the band, to inform its members, by a circular letter, that their salaries were in a course of payment; but on many of those occasions he was wont to depart from his usual routine, and indulge himself in a poetical notice to Mr. Bulmer. These notices were generally written on any blank or broken page he might accidentally find on the proof sheet of Shirley's Dramatic Works which he might be correcting at the instant, — a work he had long been employed in conducting through the Shakespeare press. From a variety of those momentary effusions of the satirist, which, we understand, are in the possession of the printer, we have been favoured with the following Admonitory Epistle, to which a translation has been added: —

*At Cl. F. G. Bul. Gent. Pens. Epistola Hortatoria.*

O qui, turbidum regem prestare accuri!

Securus gaudes, *Boulanger* *guyard* *guyard*!

Nunquam (vox aurea) apud me jam stabat accurus

Ingeni, officii merces laetitiam fidi:

Ad quem, si capias, alato jam pede, curras.

Nam, si quid veres videres cedere poetæ,

Ipsa alia ibi opes flectit, volitante repente.

*An Admonitory Epistle to the Right Worthy Gentleman,*

*W. Bulmer, Gentleman Pensioner.*

O thou, who safely claim'st the right to stand

Before thy king, with dreaded axe in hand,

My trusties Bulmer! know, upon my board

A mighty heap of cash (O golden word!)

Now lies — for service done, the bounteous meed.

State then, in Wisdom's name, and hither speed:

For, if the truth old poets sing or say,

Nobles straight make them wings and fly away!

Manoni, an Italian poet, has become very renowned upon the continent. A romance of his, recently published, makes as great a noise in Italy and France, as if *puffing* were a practice in the journals of these countries.

The Medico-Botanical Society of London has requested of the Geographical Society of Paris to allow the travellers who go forth under their auspices to collect medicinal and useful plants, for which service the English Society will remunerate them.

*Africa*.—M. Rousseau, the French Consul-general at Tripoli, has despatched to the Geographical Society of Paris a great number of itineraries, accompanied with drawings, and some particular details with respect to the wandering tribes in the kingdom of Tripoli and in the interior of Africa, which will serve as a supplement to his "Genealogical Table of the Arab Tribes." He has also promised to send an exact description of the city of Aleppo. M. Rousseau has been so fortunate as to procure the first volume of the *Itin-Bottom*, and hopes soon to have a copy of the second volume. This work is the more valuable, as it is known in Europe only from fragments. He has also obtained the *Itin-Khalidoun*, which treats of the Asiatic nations in general, and especially of the Arab tribes. Finally, M. Rousseau is in possession of a very interesting History of Tripoli, which he intends to translate, and dedicate to the Geographical Society.

*The Ashantees*.—In a letter addressed to the Geographical Society at Paris, on the subject of the various European settlements on the African coast, by M. César Moreau, the French Vice-Consul in London, he says, that by the last despatches which have been received by the Admiralty from Africa, it appears that the prisoners which were taken by the Ashantees, in their former battles against the English and their allies, were not cruelly destroyed, as was at first thought. Several officers only, and among them Sir Charles MacCarthy, who were either killed or mortally wounded in the field, were decapitated; but

the lives of the other prisoners, officers as well as soldiers, were saved; and they were well treated at Chromasie, the capital of the country. As the Ashantean monarch has forbidden any white to penetrate into his kingdom, an attempt has been made, but hitherto without success, to induce some of the Fantoes to go on a mission to Chromasie from the English settlements on the coast.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**ANNUALS**.—We have already received notices of several of the various annuals which are being prepared to greet the new year. We notice them in the order received. Mr. A. A. Watts states the *Souvenir* to be in great forwardness, and that its illustrations have been selected from the galleries of some of the most distinguished patrons of living art. The *Souvenir* will thus have twelve splendid line engravings by eminent engravers, after original paintings of first-rate excellence; and its literary contents are promised to be of as high an order as heretofore.

The *Année* also promises superior embellishments, and the contributions of nearly sixty celebrated authors.

The *Bijou* (a new publication) gives a list of interesting and valuable graphic illustrations, and announces the Author of Waverley and Sir T. Lawrence among its contributors. Two early productions of His Majesty and the Duke of York are to appear in this volume.

The *Forget-Me-Not*, by Mr. Ackermann, is almost ready. Its literary wealth (above eighty compositions in verse and prose) and ornaments of art are advertised as improvements upon preceding years, which have been so widely popular.

The *Friendship's Offering* has been undertaken by new and competent hands, with an intelligent and clever Editor, so that it may be expected to equal its former character.

The *Keepsake* (a novelty) is to be superbly adorned with twenty plates, finished by, and under the direction of, Mr. C. Heath, in the first style. Its literary portion is formed like the rest—by the contributions of successful writers. It will be larger than its contemporaries, and at a higher price.

A seventh work, the *Flower of Friendship*, is announced by Mr. Marshall, who has also been levying contributions from the genius of the times in literature and the arts, to enrich his miscellany.

Portraits of the most celebrated painters of all the schools, executed in lithography, with a memoir of their lives, and a short notice of their most celebrated works. The whole to be completed in twenty monthly numbers, each containing three portraits, is announced by Mr. Ackermann for speedy publication.

Two Gentlemen, closely connected with the Horticultural Society of London, intend commencing, immediately, a Periodical Work on the Fruits cultivated for the Desert in this country.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Kitchiner's Traveller's Oracle, 2 vols. fcp. 15s. bds.—Hind's Farrier, 12mo. 12s. bds.—Kelly's Religious Thoughts, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Twigger's Illustrations of Christianity, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Second Supplement to Bateman's Turnpike Act, 12mo. 2s. bds.—Famlyn on Friendly Societies, 12mo. 1s. bds.—Foster's Foreign Topography, Part I. 4to. 5s.—Outlines of a System of Surveying, for Geographical and Military Purposes, 8vo. 5s.—Euclid Symbolically Arranged, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1867.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 23	From 51. to 72.	30.20 Stat.
Friday... 24	— 49. — 60.	30.15 to 30.04
Saturday... 25	— 49. — 60.	29.98 to 30.06
Sunday... 26	— 47. — 58.	30.00 — Stat.
Monday... 27	— 44. — 56.	30.16 — 30.18
Tuesday... 28	— 53. — 60.	30.18 — 30.20
Wednesday 29	— 50. — 56.	30.28 — Stat.

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 27th and 29th, generally cloudy; a little rain on the 28th.

Edinburgh.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We wrote to M. H. R. last week.

A packet for C. L. lies at our publisher's.

Mr. G. F. Richardson desires us to say that the letter inserted in last week's Gazette was not written by him; but we are convinced that Mr. R. is mistaken, and that he must actually have written the letter in question. At all events, he cannot make us believe that we were imposed upon in this name.

The doubtful character of the lines by B—V prevents their insertion. H's Indian Chief will not do.

Not being aware of what may be novel in the Plan is establishing a College for the Sciences, in connexion with the School at Mount Radford, Exeter, we are a little how to take any notice of the Plan.

The description of a Design for Improving Holborn Bridge, Skinner Street, and Fleet Market, by Mr. Sartorius Acton, 1866, reached us too late for notice in this No.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BOOKSELLING and STATIONARY BUSINESS** to be DISPOSED OF. An old established, respectable, and well-known business, in the largest City in the West of England, very centrally situated, in the Old and New Street, Stationery and Account-Books, with a large Printing-Room, Tools, &c. attached thereto. It has been carried on successfully by the present Proprietor for above Twenty Years, and he now retires in consequence of ill health. The house is well frequented, and the business may be still enlarged to a considerable extent. There are advantages connected with it which rarely occur; and it forms altogether a most desirable opportunity for one who desires to commence a business, or wishing to change their Residence. For particulars, address C. K. (post paid) at Mr. Brooks's, 2, Bishop's Lane, Cornhill, London.

This day is published, price 1s. 6d. with an Engraving of Kenyon College, No. 105 of the

#### CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE.

Contents.—Review of New Publications.—I. History of the Evangelization.—II. Summary of the Sermons.—III. Bede and Sibthorp's Missionary Sermon.—IV. St. Chrysostom's Missionary Sermon. Miscellaneous.—No. 7. Sermons on Belsham's Translation of St. Paul's Epistles.—Vandol's Episcopacy.—Episcopal Church in the United States with a View of Kentucky College.—Orthodox German Journal.—On Public Charities.—Thoughts on Providence (a Poem).—Unitarian Marriage Bill. Monthly Register.—Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Liverpool and Berwick District Committee.—Bath and Wells Diocesan Association.—Political Retrospect.—Literary and Philosophical Report.—Ecclesiastical and University Intelligence, &c.

Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

This day is published, in two, with Engravings on Wood, price 3s. 6d. No. IX. of

#### THE GARDENER'S MAGAZINE, and

Register of Rural and Domestic Improvement.

Conducted by J. C. LOUBON, F.L.S. &c.

The object of this work is not only to record each discovery and improvement in Botany and Gardening as it might otherwise escape notice, but to give the essence of all that is new in other publications, domestic or foreign.

The Subjects in this Number (No. IX.) connected with the present or approaching season are,—the preservation of apples; prolongation of the season of hardy fruits; of grapes; taking up and preparing potatoes for sale; plans for growing cucumbers in the winter season, and for procuring very early early winter crops of grapes; and choice florists' flowers worth purchasing in September, and greenhouse plants worth purchasing in November.

As subjects of permanent and considerable interest, we may refer to Mr. Harrison's paper on training the apple-tree; Mr. Smith on the French modes of training the peach; Mr. Ingram on wiring and nailing walls; Mr. Stewart Murray on a new mode for plants; Mr. Acm on the vine; Mr. Philpott on the German mode of forcing cherries; and the account of the mode of cultivating tobacco in Holland, by Mr. St. Martin; the exposure of the discovery in respect to the motion of the sap in plants, by M. Dutrochet; some curious experiments on the metamorphosis of male and female plants, by Drs. Aitkenhead and Mann; of Pulteney, the mode of producing artificial bloom on fruit; Mr. Goulet's notice of an invention by the same ingenious gardener, for generating heat by the concentration of the sun's rays, and applying it to the maintenance of artificial climates; the cultivation of fruits, and accelerating the growth of climatic plants. The usual variety will be found in the Foreign and British Miscellaneous Notices.

Vol. I. 13s. 6d. boards, and Vol. II. 14s. 6d.

boards, may also be had.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

#### THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for

Sept. price Half-Crown, contains the following Articles.—On Means and Ends.—Pyramons and Tides.—An Operatic Essay.—Travelling Sketches, No. 1. Travelling in general: Boston and Drilling in particular.—Anecdotes of the late Amadeus and Conversations of the Archduke Maximilian, &c. &c.—Some Account of a Love.—To the Zephyrus.—Biographical Sketch of Madame de Sevigne.—Interpersed with Characteristic Anecdotes of the leading Fashionables at Berlin.—Notes on the Month.—Death of Mr. Canting.—Autism Critique.—Varying Actions for Liberty.—Bull Fights in Spain.—Crimes in England, and Mr. Cunningham's Reply.—Gymnastic Correspondence.—Letters from Secretary Young Men.—Newspaper Paragraphs in France.—Commissions; the first Step the Midway.—Getting a Name; Mr. Sturtevant's Disposition; the Narrative of Col. Van Horn.—Dr. Maculock on the Malaria, &c. &c. Reviews of New Books.—Proceedings of Learned Societies.—Varieties, Scientific and Miscellaneous.—Literary Reports.—Works in the Press, and New Publications.—List of Patents.—Biographical Notices of Eminent Persons.—Medical, Agricultural, and Commercial Reports.—Bankruptcies.—Political Promotions.—Political Appointments, &c. &c. Published by Geo. B. Whittaker, 15, Abchurch Lane, and to be had of all Booksellers.

This day is published, by David Allan and Co. Cross, Glasgow: David Litz, A. Black, and Gadsell, Edinburgh; Mr. J. J. Bell, Belfast; and T. Hunt and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; through any of whose communications for the work, addressed to the Editors (post or postage paid) will be forwarded.

#### THE FARMER'S REGISTER

and MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Number VII. for July 1867, price 1s.

Contents.—On the Improvement of Waste Lands, and Employment of the Poor.—On Preserving the Qualities of Manure.—The Hainault Harbours (with a Plate).—On the Milch Cow.—On Conducting Harrow Work.—On Edible Fruits (from Brande's Journal).—History of the Remonstrance Agricultural Society.—On the Reports on Woods and Plantations, and Letter to Mr. Post.—Taylor's Farmer's Guide, &c.—Highland Society. Miscellaneous: Preservation of Turnips from the Fly.—Bacon from the Farm House.—How to prevent Birds carrying off Seeds.—Trees in Public Parks.—Directions to Purchasers of Cattle.—Monthly Magazine of News, containing Domestic and Foreign Intelligence: State of Trade: Agricultural Reports: Horses, Cattle, and Sheep Markets.

Number VIII. will be published on the 10th of September.

